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The Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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Established June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading material. State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

YOUTHFUL VANDALISM

With all the efforts that are being made in the city of Newport to "teach children to play," provide them with recreation grounds, all the utensils for various sports, supervisors, and a high-salaried recreation commissioner, how much improvement is there in the conduct, manners and morals of the children or today as compared with those of an earlier generation that managed to get along with less expense to the city? At a meeting of the Newport Horticultural Society this week, a suggestion that the Society assist in beautifying the grounds of the new Recreation Center (the former Friends Meeting House) was defeated because of the belief that no care would be taken of the property. The Society probably based their decision on the experience in other public places in the city of Newport. The beautiful King homestead property on Spring street, which was given to the city as a magnificent gift by the late George Gordon King, has been vandalized to an extent that is a crime. At the Basin playground, trees that were set out to beautify the place have been wantonly destroyed. If the discipline that our boys and girls are getting out of all this high-priced instruction cannot induce them to prevent depredations on their own grounds what is it worth?

Congressman Burdick, according to the report of the more or less truthful Washington correspondent of the Providence Journal, is getting to be famous in Washington as an expert cook of Newport's incomparable viands of sausage, asparagus and corn meal. A column article in a late issue of that paper, from this truthful (?) correspondent on the Congressman's threat to show Washingtonians, including President Harding, how to cook, forms very amusing reading.

BATTLESHIPS COMING

There is no longer any doubt but that Newport harbor will have a sizeable naval representation during a part of August at least. Word has been received from Admiral Jones that the battleship fleet will be here from August 7th to 20th, and from Admiral Robertson that some of the destroyer fleet will arrive here about the first of June and will be here for at least a month, many of them fitting out for a foreign cruise. The battleships in August will be accompanied by submarines, destroyers, and aircraft, so that a really large section of the Navy will be here at that time. How many destroyers will arrive in June is still uncertain, but there will be not less than twenty, and may be more.

More interest is being taken in registration and the indications are for a big boom before the final date, June 30th. This week, Clerk Harold F. Arnold of the Board of Canvassers and Registration, has started on his rounds of the various wards in the evening, and there has been quite a rush to register at times.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Gerard are to spend the summer in Newport this year, having leased the d'Hauteville villa on Bellevue avenue. Mr. Gerard was ambassador to Germany during the early stages of the war and until the United States was drawn in.

Rev. Francis K. Little, rector of Emmanuel Church, is confined to his home by illness.

LARGE REAL ESTATE SALE

The large and valuable real estate holdings of the Narragansett Bay Realty Company were offered at public auction on Thursday, for the purpose of converting the land into cash and straightening out the affairs of the Company. There was much interest in the offerings and some of the property was sold, while a few pieces were removed from the market because of insufficient bids. For some time the Company has been somewhat embarrassed by the lack of ready cash, and several times the property has been advertised for sale by the tax collector. Some time ago the property was turned over to trustees, representing various banks and other interests, who have since held it, and it was under their direction that the property was offered for sale on Thursday. The Narragansett Bay Realty Company formerly owned a large part of Coddington Point, which was purchased during the war by the United States Government for the extension to the Naval Training Station. After that sale was consummated the Company invested a large portion of the receipts in the purchase of the Commercial Wharf property, which has brought in insufficient income to meet the taxes and interest charges against the Company.

At the sale on Thursday Mr. Fred W. Greene was the auctioneer, and there was a large attendance of prospective buyers and speculators, the legal fraternity being well represented. Of the Commercial Wharf property offered, Daniel Rosen bought Parcel No. 1, a house and shed on the north side, with 2500 feet of land, for \$1150. J. K. Sullivan bought Parcel No. 2, the fish house property and 3400 feet of land, for \$3800. The same purchaser bought the small office building and land in the rear of the Trust Company property, for \$1950. Fischel David bought the old car barn property for \$4100. Joseph V. Jordan bought the former Dennis Shanahan buildings for \$4950. J. W. Dunn of Fall River bought the property occupied by the Polished Manufacturing Company.

Several tracts on this wharf were withdrawn. These included the steamboat property at the head of the wharf, for which \$25,000 was bid, and the two parcels west of the Ferretti building, for which \$2000 was offered.

The unimproved property in the northern part of the city also attracted much attention. Fischel David bought the large tract along the railroad track now used for a dump, for \$13,000. The same purchaser secured the large tract adjoining the Mercy Home for \$3300, and other parcels were withdrawn.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening there was a large amount of routine business, and many licenses of various kinds were granted. One hackney driver was given another chance, with the understanding that if he should get into any further trouble with the police his license would be withdrawn.

Next Monday night was set as the time for hearing the charges brought by Marco A. Russo against Building Inspector Douglas, and they will be heard by the full board at an open meeting. Bids were received from a number of bankers for furnishing \$100,000 in anticipation of taxes, and the loan was awarded to Blake Bros. of Boston at 3.52 plus \$4.00. The whole board was made a committee to have charge of the observance on Independence Day.

Mr. Michael Doyle, who was for many years employed on the estate of the late John N. A. Griswold, and more recently has been caretaker for the Newport Art Association, died very suddenly at his home on Liberty Street on Thursday. He was well known throughout the city and had made many friends among the members of the Art Association by his willingness and courtesy. He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. David McIntosh, and four sons, Messrs. Thomas L., John A., William A. and Alexander J. Doyle.

The officers and members of Newport Chapter, No. 2, Royal Arch Masons, will pay a visit to Block Island on June 14, and confer the Chapter degrees upon a large class of candidates. Arrangements are being made to accommodate a large number of the members of the Chapter who have signified their intention of going.

The panels on the memorial tablet on the City Hall lawn have been replaced after having been removed for painting.

MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAM

Next Tuesday will be Memorial Day and will be observed as a general holiday in Newport, with practically all places of business closed throughout the day. There will be a few athletic events, but of course the main event of the day will be the memorial exercises by the Grand Army of the Republic, in which the other veteran organizations of the city will participate. The general committee in charge of the arrangements have the plans perfected, and the observance will be along the same general lines as in previous years.

On Sunday evening the members of Lawton-Warren Post and other veteran organizations will attend the annual memorial service at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, when the pastor, Rev. Frederick W. Coleman, who is Chaplain of the Day, will deliver the sermon. There will be special music.

Tuesday morning will be devoted to decorating the graves of deceased soldiers and sailors of all wars, comrades having been detailed for this purpose. At 11 o'clock will occur the strewing of flowers on the waters in memory of those sailors who fought in the War of the Rebellion. These exercises will be in charge of Lawton-Warren Post Women's Relief Corps, Mrs. Perry B. Dawley president, assisted by a firing squad and bugler from the Marine Corps.

The Memorial Day exercises will be held at the First Presbyterian Church at 2:00 o'clock, under the direction of Post Commander William S. Bailey. The line being under the command of organ and Mr. Henry Stuart Hendy will direct the large choir. The program of exercises will be as follows: Organ Voluntary

Choir—"Long live, long live America"

Prayer by the Chaplain of the Day, Rev. F. W. Coleman.

Logan's Memorial Order by Adjutant George B. Smith.

Choir—"Strew the fair garlands"

Reading Lincoln's Gettysburg Address by Past Commander A. F. Squire.

Reading the Roll of Honor by Past Commander Edwin H. Tilley.

Choir—Hallelujah Chorus.

Oration by the Orator of the Day, Rev. R. R. White.

America, by Choir and Congregation.

Benediction by the Chaplain of the Day.

At the conclusion of the exercises in the church the parade will start. Mr. H. Wood Thompson will be at the Colonel Herbert Bliss, with Lieutenant William P. Sheffield as chief of staff. The formation of the line will be as follows:

Col. Herbert Bliss, United Spanish War Veterans, commanding
Lt. W. P. Sheffield, American Legion, Chief of Staff

Aids
Capt. A. J. Lacoudre, U. S. C. A. C. Howard P. Peckham, Newport Artillery Company
Jeremiah Sullivan, United Spanish War Veterans
William Power, American Legion
David Dugan, Veterans of Foreign Wars

Platoon of Police
Battalion United States Coast Artillery
Major G. Packard, commanding
Company U. S. Marines from U. S. Torpedo Station

Lieut. Howard Markell, commanding
5th Division 8th Battalion U. S. Naval Reserves
Lieut. R. W. Ehrhardt, commanding
Troop of Girl Scouts

Mrs. W. S. Sims, commanding
Newport Artillery Company, Special Escort to Lawton-Warren Post
Lt. Col. William Knowe, commanding
Camp Thomas, United States Spanish War Veterans

Archie W. Burdick, commanding
Newport Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars
Sergt. James B. Lawless, commanding
Newport Post, American Legion and World War Veterans

George H. Fitzgerald, commanding
in carriages
President, Orator and Chaplain of the Day and Adjutant
Lawton-Warren Post, No. 5, Senior Vice William S. Slocum, commanding

Officers of the Army and Navy, the Mayor, President of the Representative Council, Board of Aldermen, Members of the Legislature and Clergy

The parade will terminate at the Island Cemetery, where services will be held in the Soldiers and Sailors' burial lot, the programme being as follows:

Prayer by the Chaplain of the Day.
Strewing of flowers over the graves.
Firing salute by the Newport Artillery Company.

Music by the Municipal Band.

At the conclusion of these services, the G. A. R. and escort will march to the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument, where the flag will be saluted.

In spite of the fact that there has been a vast reduction in the number of armed forces at this station, the parade promises to be a creditable one. The Navy will not be represented at all except by members of the Reserve Force and veterans, but the Army will have a rather larger representation than last year, a battalion coming over from the Fort with their Band. The Girl Scouts, under Mrs. William S. Sims, will be a feature of the parade, their number having increased considerably since last year and their bugle and drum corps having had much practice.

SENATIONAL AUTO THEFT

A car stolen from this city last Saturday night figured in a wild flight across Rhode Island and Massachusetts before the driver was finally taken into custody in the suburbs of Boston. He was delivered over to the Newport police and brought back to this city. In the police court on Monday, when he was arraigned he was booked as James Wilson, alias James Hamel, of Dallas, Texas, and pleaded guilty to taking and using an automobile without the consent of the owner. He was committed in default of \$2,000 bail to await the action of the grand jury in June.

A Dodge Sedan, belonging to Mrs. Hugh Meikle, was taken from in front of her residence on Annandale road on Saturday forenoon. She notified the police who, in turn, sent out a warning to the police of nearby communities. In Fall River a policeman observed the car and tried to stop it, but it is claimed that the driver thrust a revolver in his face and drove him off the running board. The Fall River police then sent out warnings and the driver was finally overhauled in Mattapan, and that time the police were first with the revolver, so that his capture was effected. The Newport police were notified and Chief Tobin brought him back to Newport. It is suspected that the man has a criminal record and his measurements and finger prints have been sent to the police headquarters in various places for identification.

TALK ON THE DRAMA

There was quite a gathering of local people who feel an interest in things dramatic at the Y. M. C. A. on Monday evening, when Mr. A. O'D. Taylor read a very interesting paper on the Drama. He did not condemn the movies, but thought that that form of drama had possibilities for the future. He spoke of the leading dramatists of the day, and mentioned particular productions that carried merit. At the conclusion of his address remarks were made by Miss Susan B. Franklin, Mrs. Robert R. White, Rev. John Howard Denning, Mr. Joseph G. Parmenter, and Mr. Henry C. Wilkinson. Mr. Taylor has long been a deep student of the drama, and has been very active in many amateur productions. For years he has been the backbone of the Unity Club, and has accomplished a great deal for the benefit of local playgoers.

COMMITTEE OF 25

Chairman Thomas B. Congdon of the representative council has announced the appointment of the Committee of 25 as follows:

First Ward—Moulton W. Friend, George W. Bacheller, Jr., Edward Ellis, Fletcher W. Lawton, Walter Curry.

Second Ward—John H. Scannevin, William P. Sheffield, Jr., David B. Allen, Benjamin B. Barker, B. F. Downing, 3d

Third Ward—George N. Buckhout, A. B. Cascambas, Norman M. MacLeod, T. I. Hare Powell, Horace P. Beck.

Fourth Ward—Bruce Buttront, John P. Casey, William H. Clarke, William A. Maher, Thomas F. Reagan.

Fifth Ward—John J. Kelley, Edward A. Martin, James W. Sullivan, Henry A. Martin, James J. Martin.

The will of Mrs. Florence Angell Finnochiaro was admitted to probate on Monday, disposing of a large estate. There are a few small bequests and gifts for life interest, and all the residue of the estate is left to the husband, Paolo Francisco Finnochiaro. The testator was formerly Mrs. John J. Mason and was a well known summer resident of Newport, owning a handsome estate, "Wabun," on Catherine street.

A number of interested persons visited the site chosen for the new Golf and Country Club in Middletown last Sunday afternoon, the grounds being open for inspection. A considerable amount has been raised in cash and pledges for the financing of the enterprise, but it is still far short of the necessary amount.

In preparation for a busy yachting season, the local station of the New York Yacht Club has been thoroughly renovated and is now ready for use.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

(From our regular correspondent)

Adjourned Town Meeting Held

A town meeting was held at the town hall Saturday, May 20, opening at one p. m. The meeting was a continuation of the annual Financial town meeting held March 11, 1922, and was held principally to receive the report of the committee appointed to examine into the matter of procuring some suitable apparatus for extinguishing fires. This committee consists of Charles S. Ritchie, John H. Spooner and Wm. J. Peckham. This committee reported in favor of the purchase of a Reo Speed Wagon, chassis capacity, one ton, carrying two thirty-five gallon chemical tanks, one three hundred gallon pump, and with body sufficiently large to carry 1000 feet of hose.

It was estimated that it would require the sum of sixty-five hundred dollars to purchase this piece of apparatus, provide the necessary equipment and house and care for the same for one year.

On motion of Charles S. Ritchie, a ballot was taken, on the proposition to appropriate \$6,500 from the town treasury and purchase the apparatus recommended by the committee. Only 40 votes were cast. Of this number, 30 were in the affirmative and 10 in the negative. The same committee was continued and authorized to purchase the apparatus, the necessary hose and other equipment and to arrange for the care and keeping of the apparatus and to engage some competent person to run and operate the apparatus when summoned to a fire. There was considerable discussion as to a suitable place for housing the apparatus and it was generally conceded there was no suitable garage in Middletown.

At the town meeting on March 11, 1922, \$785 was appropriated to pay outstanding bills of the city of Newport for use of its fire apparatus. The bill of \$550 for services rendered at the burning of the Ocean House on Easton's Beach on November 1, 1921, had been objected to. This house was owned by Daniel Rosen of Newport. The charge was considered excessive and Howard R. Peckham, James R. Chase, 2d, and Henry C. Sherman were appointed a committee to confer with the Board of Aldermen of Newport and obtain if possible some reduction in the charge. On Saturday this committee reported that the Aldermen refused to make any reduction.

Mayor Mahoney of Newport was present in town meeting on Saturday, and having expressed a desire to be heard in the matter of Newport furnishing fire protection to the people of Middletown, was accorded the privilege of the floor. He made quite an extended statement on the situation, the gist of which was that while from a legal standpoint Newport was under no obligation to furnish fire protection to the people of Middletown, yet from a humane standpoint, he did not feel justified in refusing assistance when fire was consuming the houses and property of its inhabitants. He was in an unfortunate dilemma, from which he hoped the town meeting would extricate him. Since March 11 he had sent the fire apparatus to Middletown three times and on the occasion of the burning of the ice house, had resulted in the saving of a good many buildings in the vicinity.

On motion of William J. Peckham, \$800 was appropriated to compensate Newport for the use of the fire apparatus since March 11, and up to the time when the apparatus of Middletown shall be in full operation.

The committee appointed March 11, 1922, to devise and report some measures for increasing the supply of water at Herkeley School, reported in favor of an artesian well. Joseph A. Peckham advocated the building of cisterns as more feasible and guaranteeing a supply of water, more accessible in case of fire. It was finally voted to authorize the Public School Committee to have an artesian well dug and \$1,000 was appropriated for that purpose.

The town council was directed to have the windows in the town hall and in the town house re-glazed where necessary, and painted, and \$100 was appropriated to defray the expense.

The town council was directed to select and designate some place for a public dump.

The town council was also directed to proceed with the lay-out of North Aquidneck avenue.

In the total town meeting appropriated \$8,400 of the taxpayers' money without scarcely a ripple of opposition. Out of a total of 450 voters qualified, about fifty were present. About three years ago it was voted to adopt the budget system in making appropriations, and it was then claimed that such a system would result in reducing expenditures. The claim does not seem to be supported by the actual results. In the last nine months the large sum of \$18,400 has been appropriated from the taxpayers' money which was not included in the budget, and the meeting adjourned on Saturday without appointing any Budget committee for 1923-1924.

The police made a raid on a house off Callendar avenue on Thursday and found a quantity of "moonshine" tucked away in the cellar. A peculiar part of the seizure was the finding of two hot water bottles united by a tape so that they could be hung across the shoulders.

The annual meeting of the Newport Historical Society will be held on the afternoon of Thursday, June 7th.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

(From our regular correspondent)

Death of Mrs. Perry G. Randall

Mrs. Perry G. Randall, who has been in poor health for nearly a year, died recently at her home at the corner of East Main Road and Dexter street. She was one of three children of Stephen C. and Sarah E. (Tallman) Munroe, and was born May 23, 1838. Her sisters, Mrs. Priscilla A. Durfee and Mrs. Adelaide V. Louise Dennis, died a number of years ago. October 23, 1859, Mr. and Mrs. Randall were married by Rev. C. M. Alvord, and to them was born a daughter, Flora Perry, who is Mrs. David H. Anthony. Mrs. Randall is survived by her husband, her daughter, one grandson, Perry B. Anthony of Newport, and three great-grandchildren, Eleanor, John and Charlotte Anthony, and a number of nieces.

Mr. and Mrs. Randall resided in Providence a few years, and then moved back to this town, where they have resided ever since.

The funeral took place on Sunday at her late home. Rev. Charles J. Harriman, rector of St. Paul's Church, of which Mrs. Randall was a member, officiated. The bearers were Messrs. Perry B. Anthony, J. Frank Anthony, David B. Anthony and John L. Borden. The interment was in the Portsmouth Cemetery.

Two automobiles collided on Sunday in front of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray. They were both headed for Fall River. The first machine stopped and the driver got out to fix the speedometer, and the second car came up back of it and ran into it. They were together and had been to Newport and were returning to their homes. No serious damage was done.

Mr. John Chase, who has been spending the past five months in the Azores Islands, has returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Chase.

Rehearsals are being held for the minstrel show to be given under the direction of Mr. Robert Chappelle.

Mrs. Charles J. Harriman entertained the St. Paul's Guild on Tuesday evening.

Plans have been completed for a chicken salad supper to be given by the Portsmouth Grange degree team.

Mrs. Fred Coggeshall has as guest her mother, Mrs. Letitia Lawton.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Brownell have as guest Mr. Theodore Poor, who spent the winter in Maine and expects to remain here for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Freeborn have had electric lights and a Delco lighting plant installed at their home.

Mrs. Leon Greene is at the Newport Hospital for treatment.

Mr. W. Gardner Clarke has been seriously ill at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Levens entertained on Sunday, Mr. Levens' father, Mr. Joseph B. Levens of Malden, Mass., and his sister, Mrs. Thomas Ward, and Mr. Ward and two sons. The occasion was the observance of the 48th birthday of Mrs. Levens. One of the children fell from a tree recently and a physician was called and several stitches were taken in a cut in his head.

The meat market and grocery store of Mr. William Grinnell on Freeborn street was broken into last Saturday night and a sum of money was stolen. Nothing else was disturbed.

The annual concert of the Orpheus Club was given on Wednesday evening at the Methodist Episcopal parish house. Ice cream and cake were on sale at the close of the program.

An all-day session of the Helping Hand was held at the Methodist Episcopal parish house Tuesday. A basket lunch was served at noon. The president, Mrs. Albert E. Sherman, opened the meeting with a Scripture reading and prayer. The report of the receipts of the May basket social was received and was very satisfactory. Much work was accomplished.

Alfred Wolcott Gibbs, son of the late Gen. Alfred W. and Peggy Blair Gibbs, who died recently in Wayne, Pa., was brought to this town and the interment took place on Sunday at the family plot in St. Mary's church yard.

Mrs. William H. Chase, Jr., left here for Cleveland where she will witness the graduation of her son Henry from the Bible School. He is president of his class and will deliver the oration at the exercises. He will go to Indiana after graduation.

Mrs. Hannah Hall Sisson and Mrs. Alfred C. Hall went to Jamaica Plain, Mass., recently to attend the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony D. Hall at the home of their son, Professor William T. Hall.

Today the sun rises at 5.13 and sets at 8.11. The days are now 14 hours and 58 minutes long, having lengthened 5 hours and 52 minutes. The longest day of the year will be 15 hours and 19 minutes long, which will be but 21 minutes longer than today. Light your motor vehicle lights at 8.39. All these figures are on daylight saving time.

All indications point to a good season for Newport this summer. Many new families are coming and many who have not been here for years are coming back. It looks as though Newport would this year assume its old time gaiety.

The Big-Town Round Up

by William MacLeod Raine

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS

FOREWORD—Motoring through Arizona, a party of westerners, father and daughter and a male companion, stop to witness a cattle round up. The girl leaves the car and is attacked by a wild steer. A masterful ride on the part of one of the cowboys saves her life.

CHAPTER I—Clay Lindsay, range-rider on an Arizona ranch, announces his intention to visit the "big town," New York.

CHAPTER II—On the train Lindsay becomes interested in a young woman, Kitty Mason, on her way to New York. An advertisement in the paper reveals that she is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

CHAPTER III—On his first day in New York Lindsay is attacked with water by a janitor. That individual, the range-rider punishes summarily and leaves dead a fire hydrant. A young woman who sees the occurrence invites Clay into her house and hides him from the police.

CHAPTER IV—Clay's "rescuer" introduces herself as Beatrice Whitford. Lindsay meets her father, Colin Whitford, and is invited to visit them again. His visits to Kitty Mason by accident. She has been disappointed in her stage aspirations, and to support herself is selling cigarettes in a cabaret. Clay visits her there.

CHAPTER V—Kitty is insulted by a customer. Clay punishes the annoyance. After a lively mixup Lindsay escapes. Outside, he is attacked by Jerry Durand and a companion and beaten senseless.

CHAPTER VI—Lindsay's acquaintance with Beatrice Whitford ripens. Through her he is introduced to "Johnny," his "side partner" on the Arizona ranch. Johnnie Green, comes to the "big town."

CHAPTER VII—The two take an apartment together. Johnnie securing employment at the Whitford's as "Johnny," an advertisement in the paper "Kitty" contains the information that she is in trouble and implores Lindsay to come to a certain house where she is imprisoned. Clay is dubious at first, but finally decides to go. He makes his way into what he supposes is the right house and finds himself in a young woman's bedroom.

CHAPTER VIII—Naturally indignant, the girl is reassured when Clay tells her the reason for his intrusion. She shows him how to enter the house he is after, through the roof. In the place he comes on a party of "guanoes," obviously waiting for his appearance. Lindsay "sets the drop" on the thugs, locks them in a room, and escapes.

CHAPTER IX—With a theater party, which includes the Whitfords, Lindsay meets Kitty Mason, friendless and penniless. He leaves the party to take the girl to his apartment, there seeming to bring to her place a change and Kitty in dire need of immediate food and warmth.

CHAPTER X—Beatrice resents Lindsay's interest in Kitty. Though not admitting it even to herself, she is becoming attached to the Arizona man, as he is to her. The two part in anger.

CHAPTER XI—Hurt and indignant, Beatrice practically proposes marriage to an old admirer, Clarence Bromfield, wealthy man-about-town, and the third member of the party which we met at the beginning of the story. Their engagement is announced. Durand's gang kidnaps Kitty. Clay appeals to the girl he had met the night he escaped the trap Durand had set for him. She tells him where the girl is likely to be found.

CHAPTER XII—At the place, Clay conceals himself to await the arrival of Durand, probably with Kitty. He gets the girl, alone, and in a fit of rage beats the professional bruiser.

CHAPTER XIII—Kitty is rescued from her abductors by Johnnie Green, who has long admired the girl. He makes a declaration of his love and the wedding day is promptly set.

CHAPTER XIV—Beatrice has long since repented her treatment of Clay and sends him a note of apology. Their friendship is resumed. Riding through the park, Beatrice's horse runs away with her. The beast is halted by Clay, and in the excitement the girl reveals the fact that she is the one whom he had kidnapped from the street in Arizona. Of course, Lindsay had known it all the time, but he had not supposed she remembered him. Clarence Bromfield is angered at the friendship between his daughter and the Arizona man, and plans to discredit him.

CHAPTER XV

"No Violence."

The ex-pugilist sat back in the chair chewing an unlighted cigar, his fishy eyes fixed on Bromfield. Scars still decorated the colorless face, souvenirs of a battle in which he had been beaten by a man he hated. Durand had a capacity for silence. He waited now for this exquisite from the upper world to tell his business.

Clarendon discovered that he had an unexpected repugnance to doing this. A fastidious sense of the obligations of class served him for a soul and the thing he was about to do could not be justified even in his loose code of ethics. He examined the ferule of his Malacca cane nervously.

"I've come to you, Mr. Durand, about—a fellow called Lindsay." The bulbous eyes of the other narrowed. He distrusted on principle all kid gloves. Those he had met were mostly ambitious reformers. Furthermore, any stranger who mentioned the name of the Arizona man became instantly an object of suspicion.

"What about him?" "I understand that you and he are not on friendly terms. I've gathered that from what's been told me. Am I correct?"

Durand thrust out his salient chin. "Say: Who the hell are you? What's eatin' you? Whatta you want?" "I'd rather not tell my name."

"Nothin' doin'. No name, no business. That goes."

"Very well. My name is Bromfield. This fellow Lindsay—gets in my way. I want to eliminate him."

"Are you askin' me to crack him?" "Good G—d, no! I don't want him hurt—physically," cried Bromfield, alarmed.

"Whatta you want, then?" The light-lipped mouth and the harsh voice called for a showdown.

"Why?"

"Some friends of mine are infuriated by him. I want to unmask him in a public way so as to disgust them with him."

"I'm help. It's a girl."

"We'll not discuss that," said the clubman with a touch of hauteur.



"Say! Who the H—l Are You? What's Eatin' You? Whatta You Want?"

"As to the price, if you can arrange the thing as I want it done, I'll not haggle over terms."

The ex-pugilist listened sourly to Bromfield's proposition. He watched narrowly this fashionably dressed visitor. His suspicions still stirred, but not so actively. He was inclined to believe in the sincerity of the fellow's hatred of the westerner. Jealousy over a girl could easily account for it. Jerry did not intend to involve himself until he had made sure.

"Whatta you want me to do? Come clean."

"Could we get him into a gambling-house, arrange some disgraceful mixup with a woman, get the place raided by the police, and have the whole thing come out in the papers?"

Jerry's slitted eyes went off into space. The thing could be arranged. The trouble in getting Lindsay was to draw him into a trap he could not break through. If Bromfield could deliver his enemy into his hands, Durand thought he would be a fool not to make the most of the chance. As for this soft-fingered swell's stipulation against physical injury, that could be ignored if the opportunity offered.

"Can you bring this Lindsay to a gambling-dump? Will he come with you?" demanded the gang politician.

"I think so. I'm not sure. But if I do that, can you fix the rest?"

"I'll cost money."

"How much will you need?"

"A couple thousand to start with. More before I've finished. I've got to solve the cops."

Bromfield had prepared for this contingency. He counted out a thousand dollars in bills of large denominations. "I'll cut that figure in two. Understand. He's not to be hurt. I won't have any rough work."

"Leave that to me."

"And you've got to arrange it so that when the house is raided I escape without being known."

"I'll do that, too. Leave your address and I'll send a man up later to wise you as to the scheme when I get one fixed up."

On a sheet torn from his memorandum book Bromfield wrote the name of the club which he most frequented. "Don't forget the newspapers. I want them to get the story," said the clubman, rising.

"I'll see they cover the raid."

Bromfield, massaging a glove onto his long fingers, added another word of caution. "Don't slip up on this thing. Lindsay's a long way from being a soft mark."

"Don't I know it?" snapped Durand viciously. "There'll be no slip-up this time if you do your part. We'll get him, and we'll get him right."

"Without any violence, of course."

"Oh, of course."

Was there a covert but derisive leer concealed in that smooth assent? Bromfield did not know, but he took away with him an unease that disturbed his sleep that night.

Before the clubman was out of the hotel, Jerry was snapping instructions at one of his satellites.

with a touch of stiffness that he would be glad to show him a side of New York night life probably still unfamiliar to him, the cattleman felt a surprise he carefully concealed. He guessed that this was a belated attempt on the part of Miss Whitford's fiance to overcome the palpable dislike he had for his friend. If so, the impulse that inspired the offer was a creditable one. Lindsay had no desire to take in any of the plague spots of the city with Bromfield. Something about the society man set his back up, to use his own phrase. But because this was true he did not intend to be outdone in generosity by a successful rival. Promptly and heartily he accepted the invitation. If he had known that a note and a card from Jerry Durand lay in the vest pocket of his cynical host while he was holding out the olive branch, it is probable the Arizona would have said, "No, thank you, kind sir."

The note mentioned no names. It said, "Wednesday, at Maddock's, 11 p. m. Show this card."

And to Maddock's, on Wednesday, at an hour something earlier than 11, the New Yorker led his guest after a call at one or two clubs.

Even from the outside the place had a dilapidated look that surprised Lindsay. The bell was of that brand you keep pulling till you discover it is out of order. Decayed gentility marked the neighborhood, though the blank front of the houses looked impeccably respectable.

As a feeble camouflage of its real reason for being, Maddock's called itself the "Omnium Club." But when Clay found how particular the doorkeeper was as to those who entered he guessed at once it was a gambling house.

From behind a grating the man peered at them doubtfully. Bromfield showed a card, and after some hesitation on the part of his inquisitor, passed the examination. Toward Clay the doorkeeper jerked his head inquiringly.

"He's all right," the clubman vouched.

Again there was a suspicious and lengthy scrutiny.

The door opened far enough to let them slide into a scantily furnished hall. On the landing was another guard, a heavy, brutal-looking fellow who was no doubt the "clucker-out."

He, too, looked them over closely, but after a glance at the card drew aside to let them pass.

Through a door near the head of the stairs they moved into a large room, evidently made from several smaller ones with the partitions torn down and the ceilings pillared at intervals.

Clay had read about the magnificence of Canfield's in the old days, and he was surprised that one so fastidious as Bromfield should patronize a place so dingy and so rough as this. At the end of one room was a marble mantelpiece above which there was a defaced, gilt-frame mirror. The chandeliers, the chairs, the wallpaper, all suggested the same note of one-time opulence worn to shabbiness.

A game of Klondike was going. There were two roulette wheels, a faro table, and one circle of poker players.

The cold eyes of a sleek, slippery man sliding cards out of a faro-box looked at the westerner, curiously. Among the suckers who came to this den of thieves to be robbed were none of Clay's stamp. Lindsay watched the white, dexterous hands of the dealer with an honest distaste. All along the border from Juarez to Calexico he had seen just such soft, skilled fingers fleecing those who tolled. He knew the bloodless, impassive face of the



All Told, There Were Not a Dozen Respectable-Looking People in the Room.

professional gambler as well as he knew the anxious, reckless ones of his victims. His knowledge had told him little good of this breed of parasites who preyed upon a credulous public.

The traffic of this room was crooked business by day as well as by night. A partition ran across the rear of the back parlor which showed no opening but two small holes with narrow shelves at the bottom. Back of that was the paraphernalia of the pool-room, another device to separate customers from their money by playing the "ponies."

As Clay looked around it struck him that the personnel of this gambling-dump was a singularly depressing one. All told, there were not a dozen respectable-looking people in the room. Most of those present were derelicts of life, the failures of a great city washed up by the tide. Some were pallid, haggard wretches clinging to the vestiges of a prosperity that had once been theirs. Others were hard-faced ruffians from the underworld. Not a few bore the marks of the drug victim. All of those playing had a manner of furtive-suspicion. They knew that if they risked their money the house would rob them. Yet

they played. Bromfield bought a small stack of chips at the roulette table.

"Won't you take a whirl at the wheel?" he asked Lindsay.

"Thanks, no, I believe not," his guest answered.

The westerner was a bit disgusted at his host's lack of discrimination. "Does he think I'm a soft mark too?" he wondered. "If this is what he calls high life I've had more than enough already."

His disgust was shared by the clubman. Bromfield had never been in such a dive before. His gambling had been done in gilded luxury. While he touched shoulders with this motley crew his nostrils twitched with fastidious disdain. He played, but his interest was not in the wheel. Durand had promised that there would be women and that one of them should be bribed to make a claim upon Clay at the proper moment. He had an unhappy feeling that the gang politician had thrown him down in this. If so, what did that mean? Had Durand some card up his sleeve? Was he using him as a catspaw to rake in his own chestnuts?

Clarendon Bromfield began to weaken. He and Clay were the only two men in the room in evening clothes. His queuing eye fell on tough, scarred faces that offered his fears no reassurance. Any one or all of them might be agents of Durand.

He showed all of his chips out, putting half of them on number eight and the rest on seventeen. His object was to lose his stack immediately and be free to go. To his annoyance the whirling ball dropped into the pocket labeled eight.

"Let's get out of this hole," he said to Lindsay in a low voice. "I don't like it."

"Suit's me," agreed the other.

As Bromfield was cashing his chips Clay came rightly to attention. Two men had just come into the room. One of them was "Slim" Jim Collins, the other Gerilla Dave. As yet they had not seen him. He did not look at them, but at his host. There was a question in his mind he wanted solved. The clubman's gaze passed over both the newcomers without the least sign of recognition.

"I didn't know what this joint was like or I'd never have brought you," apologized Clarendon. "A friend of mine told me about it. He's got a queer fancy if he likes this frazzled dive."

Clay acquitted Bromfield of conspiracy. He must have been talked here by Durand's men. His host had nothing to do with it. What for? They could not openly attack him.

"Slim" Jim's eyes fell on him. He nudged Dave. Both of them, standing near the entrance, watched Lindsay steadily.

Some one outside the door raised the cry, "The bulls are comin'."

Instantly the room leaped to frenzied excitement. Men dived for the doors, hats forgotten and chips scattered over the floor. Chairs were smashed as they charged over them. Tables overturned. The unwary were trodden underfoot.

Bromfield went into a panic. Why had he been fool enough to trust Durand? No doubt the fellow would ruin him as willingly as he would Lindsay. The raid was fifteen minutes ahead of schedule time. The word politician had betrayed him. He felt sure of it. All the carefully prepared plans agreed upon he jettisoned promptly. His sole thought was to save himself, not to trap his rival.

Lindsay caught him by the arm. "Let's try the back room."

He followed Clay, Durand's gangmen at his heels.

The lights went out.

The westerner tried the window. It was heavily barred outside. He fished to search for a door.

Brought up by the partition, Bromfield was whimpering with fear as he too groped for a way of escape. A pale moon shone through the window upon his evening clothes.

In the dim light Clay knew that tragedy impended. "Slim" Jim had his automatic out.

"I've got you good," the chauffeur snarled.

The gun cracked. Bromfield bleated in frenzied terror as Clay dashed forward. A chair swung round in a sweeping arc. As it descended the splitting of the gun slashed through the darkness a second time.

"Slim" Jim went down, rolled over, lay like a log.

Some one dived for Lindsay and drove him against the wall, pinning him by the waist. A second figure joined the first and caught the cattleman's wrist.

Then the lights flashed on again. Clay saw that the man who had flung him against the partition was Gerilla Dave. A plain-clothes man with a star had twisted his wrist and was clinking to it. Bromfield was nowhere to be seen, but an open door in the left showed that he had found at least a temporary escape.

A policeman came forward and stooped over the figure of the prostrate man.

"Some one's croaked a guy," he said. Gerilla Dave spoke up quickly. "This fellow did it. With a chair. I seen him."

There was a moment before Lindsay answered quietly. "He shot twice. The gun must be lying under him where he fell."

Already men had crowded forward to the scene of the tragedy, moved by the morbid curiosity a crowd has in such sights. Two policemen pushed them back and turned the still body over. No revolver was to be seen.

"Anybody know who this is?" one of the officers asked.

"Collins—'Slim' Jim," answered big Dave.

"Well, he's got his this time," the policeman said. "Skull smashed."

one of the gamblers captured in the raid.

"Who was he?" asked the plain-clothes man of his prisoner.

Clay was silent. He was thinking rapidly. His enemies had him trapped at last with the help of circumstance. Why bring Bromfield into it? It would mean trouble and worry for Beatrice.

"Better speak up, young fellow, me lad," advised the detective. "It won't help you any to be sulky. You're up against the electric chair sure."

The Arizona looked at him with the level, unafraid eyes of the hills. "I reckon I'll not talk till I'm ready," he said in his slow drawl.

The handcuffs clicked on his wrists.

The bottom fell out of her heart.

CHAPTER XVI

Bee Makes a Morning Call.

Colin Whitford came into the room carrying a morning paper. His step was hurried, his eyes eager. When he spoke there was the lift of excitement in his voice.

"Bee, I've got bad news."

"Is the Bird Cage flooded?" asked Beatrice. "Or have the miners called a strike again?"

"Worse than that. Lindsay's been arrested. For murder."

The bottom fell out of her heart.

She caught at the corner of a desk to steady herself. "Murder! It can't be! Must be some one of the same name."

"I reckon not, honey. It's Clay sure enough. Listen." He read the headlines of a front-page story.

"It can't be Clay! What would he be doing in a gambling-dive?" She reached for the paper, but when she had it the lines blurred before her eyes. "Read it, please."

Whitford read the story to the last line. Long before he had finished, his daughter knew the one arrested was Clay. She sat down heavily, all the life stricken from her young body.

"It's that man Durand. He's done this and fastened it on Clay. We'll find a way to prove Clay didn't do it."

"Maybe, in self-defense."

Beatrice pushed back her father's hesitant suggestion, and even while she did it a wave of dread swept over her. The dead-man was the same criminal "Slim" Jim Collins whom the cattleman had threatened in order to protect the Millikan girl. The facts that the man had been struck down by a chair and that her friend claimed, according to the paper, that the gunman had fired two shots, buttressed the solution offered by Whitford. But the horror of it was too strong for her. Against reason her soul protested that Clay could not have killed a man. It was too horrible, too ghastly, that through the faults of others he should be put in such a situation.

And why should her friend be in such a place unless he had been trapped by the enemies who were determined to ruin him? She knew he had a contempt for men who wasted their energies in futile dissipation. He was too clean, too much a son of the wind-swept desert, to care anything about the low pleasures of indecent and furtive vice. He was the last man she knew likely to be found enjoying a den of this sort.

"Dad, I'm going to him," she announced with crisp decision.

Her father offered no protest. His impulse, too, was to stand by the friend in need. He had no doubt Clay had killed the man, but he had a sure conviction it had been done in self-defense.

"We'll get the best lawyers in New York for him, honey," he said. "No body will slip anything over on Lindsay if we can help it."

"Will they let us see him? Or shall we have to get permission from some one?"

"We'll have to get an order. I know the district attorney. He'll do what he can for me, but maybe it'll take time."

Beatrice rose, strong again and resolute. Her voice was vibrant with confidence. "Then after you've called up the district attorney, we'll drive to Clay's flat in Harlem and find out from Johnnie what he can tell us. Perhaps he knows what Clay was doing in that place they raided."

It was not necessary to go to the Runt. He came to them. As Beatrice and her father stepped into the car Johnnie and Kitty appeared round the corner. Both of them had the news of a catastrophe written on their faces. A very little encouragement and they would be in tears.

"Ain't it terrible, Miss Beatrice? They done got Clay at last. After he made 'em all look like plugged nickels they done fixed it so he'll mebbe go to the electric chair and—"

"Stop that nonsense, Johnnie," ordered Miss Whitford sharply, a pain stabbing her heart at his words. "Don't begin whining already. We've got to see him through. Buck up and

tell me what you know."

"That's right, Johnnie," added the mining man. "You and Kitty quit looking like the Atlantic ocean in distress. We've got to endure the grief and get busy. We'll get Lindsay out of this hole all right."

"You're dawg-goned whistlin', Y'betcha, by Jollies!" agreed the Runt, immensely cheered by Whitford's confidence. "We been drug into this an' we'll sure hop to it."

"When did you see Clay last? How did he come to be in that gambling-house? Did he say anything to you about going there?" The girl's questions tumbled over each other in her hurry.

"Well, na'am, it must 'a' been about nine o'clock that Clay left last night. I recollect because—"

"It doesn't matter why. Where was he going?"

"To meet Mr. Bromfield at his club," said Kitty.

"Mr. Bromfield?" cried Beatrice, surprised. "Are you sure?"

"That's what Clay said," corroborated the husband. "Mr. Bromfield invited him. We both noticed it because it seemed kinda funny, him and Clay not bein'—"

"Johnnie," his wife reproved, mindful of the relationship between this young woman and the clubman.

"Did he say which club?"

"Seems to me he didn't, not as I remember. How about that, Kitty?"

"No, I'm sure he didn't. He said he wouldn't be back early. So he went to bed. We s'posed after we got up this mornin' he was sleepin' in his room, till the paper come and I looked at it." Johnnie gave way to lament. "I told him awhile ago he had ort go back to Arizona or they'd git him. And now they've gone and done it sure enough."

Keen as a hawk on the hunt, Beatrice turned to her father quickly. "I'm going to get Clarendon on the phone. He'll know all about it."

"Why will he know all about it?"

"Because he was with Clay. He's the man the paper says the police are looking for—the man with Clay when it happened."

Her father's eyes lit. "That's good guessing, Bee."

It was her fiancé's man who answered the girl's call. She learned that Clarendon was still in his room. "He's quite sick this mornin', miss," the valet added.

"Tell him I want to talk with him. It's important."

"I don't think, miss, that he's able—"

"Will you please tell him what I say?"

Presently the voice of Bromfield, thin and worried, came to her over the wire. "I'm ill, Bee. Absolutely done up. I—I can't talk."

"Tell me about Clay Lindsay. Were you with him when—when it happened?"

There was a perceptible pause before the answer came.

"With him?" She could feel his terror throbbing over the wire. Though she could not see him, she knew her question had stricken him white.

"With him where?"

"At this gambling-house—Maddock's?"

"No, I—I—Bee, I tell you I'm ill."

"He went out last night to join you at your club. I know that. When did you see him last?"

"I—I—well—he didn't come."

"Then you didn't see him at all?"

There was another pause, significant and telling, followed by a quivering "No."

"Clay, I want to see you—right away."

"I'm ill, I tell you—can't leave my bed." He gave a groan too genuine to feign.

Beatrice, hanging up the receiver. Her eyes sparkled. For all her slowness, she looked both competent and dangerous.

"What does he say?" her father asked.

"Says he didn't meet Clay at all—that he didn't show up. Dad, there's something wrong about it. Clay's in a panic about something. I'm going to see him, no matter whether he can leave his room or not."

Whitford looked dubious. "I don't see—"

"Well, I do," his daughter cut him off decisively. "We're going to his room—now. Why not? He says he's ill. All right. I'm engaged to be married to him and I've a right to see how ill he is."

"What's in your noodle, honey? You've got some kind of a suspicion. What is it?"

"I think Clay knows something. My notion is that he was at Maddock's and that he's in a blue funk for fear he'll be found and named as an accessory. I'm going to find out all he can tell me."

"But—"

She looked at her father directly, a deep meaning in the lovely eyes. A little tremor ran through her body. "Dad, I'm going to save Clay. That's the only thing that counts."

Her words were an appeal, a challenge. They told him that her heart belonged to the friend in prison, and they carried him back somehow to the hour when the nurse first laid her, a tiny baby, in his arms.

His heart was very tender to her. "Whatever you say, sweetheart."

Their chauffeur broke the speed laws getting them to the apartment house for bachelors where Bromfield lived.

His valet—for once was caught off guard when he opened the door to them. Beatrice was inside before he could quite make up his mind how best to meet this frontal attack.

"We came to see Mr. Bromfield," she said.

"Sorry, miss. He is really quite ill. The doctor says—"

"I'm Miss Whitford. We're engaged to be married. It's very important that I see him."

"Yes, miss, I know."

The man was perfectly well aware that his master wanted of all things to avoid a meeting with her. For some reason

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THE BIG TOWN ROUND-UP

Continued from Page 2

In a state of collapse this morning the valet could not understand. The man's business was to protect him until he had recovered. But he could not fairly turn his master's fiancée out of the apartment. His eyes turned to Whitford and found no help there. He fell back on the usual device of servants.

"I don't really think he can see you, miss. The doctor has specially told me to guard against any excitement. But I'll ask Mr. Bromfield if—if he feels up to it."

The valet passed into what was evidently a bedroom and closed the door behind him. There was a faint murmur of voices.

"I'm going in now," Bentrice announced abruptly to her father.

She moved forward quickly, before Whitford could stop her, whipped open the door and stepped into the room. Her father followed her reluctantly.

Clarendon, in a frogged dressing-gown, lay propped up by pillows. Beside the bed was a tray, upon which was a decanter of whiskey and a siphon of soda. His figure seemed to have fallen together and his seamed face was that of an old man. But it was the eyes that held her. They were full of stark terror. The look in



He Shivered at Sight of Her.

them took the girl's breath. They told her that he had undergone some great shock.

He shivered at sight of her. "What is it, Clara?" she cried, moving toward him. "Tell me—tell me all about it."

"I—I'm ill," he quaked at from a burning throat.

"You were all right yesterday. Why are you ill now?"

He groaned unhappily. "You're going to tell me everything—everything."

His fascinated, frightened eyes clung to this straight, slim girl whose look stabbed into him and shook his soul. Why had she come to trouble him this morning while he was cowering in fear of the men who would break in to drag him away to prison?

"Nothing to tell," he got out with a gulp.

"Oh, yes, you have. Are you ill because of what happened at Matdock's?"

He tried to pull himself together, to stop the chattering of his teeth.

"Nonsense, my dear. I'm done up completely. Delighted to see you and all that, but—Won't you go home?" His appealing eyes passed to Whitford. "Can't you take her away?"

"No, I won't go home—and he can't take me away." Her resolution was hard as steel. It seemed to crowd inexorably upon the shivering wretch in the frogged gown. "What is it you're so afraid to tell me, Clarendon?"

He quailed at her thrust. "What—what do you mean?"

She knew now, beyond any question or doubt, that he had been present when "Slim" Jim Collins had been killed. He had seen a man's life snuffed out, was still trembling for fear he might be called in as a party to the crime.

"You'd better tell me before it's too late. How did you and Clay Lindsay come to go to that?"

"We went out—to see the town."

"But why to that place? Are you in the habit of going there?"

He shuddered. "Never was there before. I had a card. Some one gave it to me. So we went in for a few minutes—to see what it was like. The police raided the place." He dropped his sentences reluctantly, as though they were being forced from him in pain.

"Well?"

"Everybody tried to escape. The lights went out. I found a back door had got away. Then I came home."

"What about Clay?"

Bromfield told the truth. "I didn't see him after the lights went out, except for a moment. He was running

at the man with the gun."

"You saw the gun?"

He nodded, moistened his dry lips with the tip of his tongue.

"And the—the shooting? Did you see that?"

Twice the words he tried to say faded on his lips. At last he managed a "No."

"Why not?"

"I found a door and escaped."

"You must have heard shooting."

"I heard shots as I ran down the stairs. This morning I read that—that a man was—"

He swallowed down a lump and left the sentence unfinished.

"Then you know that Clay is accused of killing this man, and that the police are looking for you because you were with him?"

"Yes!" His answer was a dry whisper.

"Did you see this man Collins in the room?"

"No. I shouldn't know him if I saw him."

"But you heard shots. You're sure of that?" cried Bentrice.

"Yes."

The girl turned triumphantly to her father. "He saw the gun and he heard shots. That proves self-defense at the worst. They were shooting at Clay when he struck with the chair—if he did. Clarendon's testimony will show that."

"My testimony!" screamed Bromfield. "My G—d, do you think I'm going to—to go into court? They would claim I—I was—"

She waited, but he did not finish. "Clay's life may depend upon it, and of course you'll tell the truth," she said quietly.

"Maybe I didn't hear shots," he hedged. "Maybe it was furniture falling. There was a lot of noise of people stamping and fighting."

"You—heard—shots."

The eyes of the girl were deadly weapons. They glittered like unscabbarded steel. In them was a contained fire that averted him.

He threw out his hand in a weak, impotent gesture of despair. "My G—d, how did I ever come to get into such a mix-up? It will ruin me."

"How did you come to go?" she asked.

"He wanted to see New York. I suppose I had some notion of taking him slumming."

Bentrice went up to him and looked straight into his eyes. "Then testify to that in court. It won't hurt you any. Go down to the police and say you have read in the paper that they want you. Tell the whole truth. And Clay—don't weaken. Stick to your story about the shots." Her voice shook a little. "Clay's life is at stake. Remember that."

"Do you think it would be safe to go to the police?" he asked doubtfully.

Whitford spoke up. "That's the only square and safe thing to do, Bromfield. They'll find out who you are, of course. If you go straight to them you draw the sting from their charge that you were an accomplice of Clay. Don't lose your nerve. You'll go through with flying colors. When a man has done nothing wrong he needn't be afraid."

"I dare say you're right," agreed Bromfield miserably.

The trouble was that Whitford was arguing from false premises. He was assuming that Clarendon was an innocent man, whereas the clubman knew just how guilty he was. Back of the killing lay a conspiracy which might easily be brought to light during the investigation.

He dared not face the police. His conscience was not clean enough.

"Of course, Dad's right. It's the only way to save your reputation," Bentrice cried. "I'm not going to leave you all you promise to go straight down there to headquarters. If you don't you'll be embarrassed for life—and you'd be doing something absolutely dishonorable."

He came to time with a heart of heavy dread. "All right, Bee, I'll go," he promised. "It's an awful mess, but I've got to go through with it. I suppose."

"Of course you have," she said with complete conviction. "You're not a quitter, and you can't hide here like a criminal."

"We'll have to be moving, Bee," her father reminded her. "You know we have an appointment to meet the district attorney."

Bentrice nodded. With a queer feeling of repulsion she patted her fiancé's cheek with her soft hand and whispered a word of comfort to him.

"Back up, old boy. It won't be half as bad as you think. Nobody is going to blame you."

They were shown out by the valet.

"You don't want to be hard on Bromfield, honey," Whitford told his daughter after they had re-entered their car. "He's a parlor man. That's the way he's been brought up. Never did a hard day's work in his life. Everything made easy for him. If he'd ever ridden out on a blizzard like Clay or stuck in a mine for a week without food after a cave-in, he wouldn't be on the job before him. But he's soft. And he's afraid of his reputation. That's natural, I suppose."

Bentrice knew he was talking to save her feelings. "You don't need to make excuses for him, Dad," she answered gently, with a wry smile. "I've got to give up. I don't think I can go through with it."

"You mean—marry him?"

"Yes," she added, with a flare of passionate scorn of herself. "I deserve what I've got. I knew all the time I didn't love him. It was sheer selfishness in me to accept him. I wanted what he had to give me."

Her father drew a deep breath of relief. "I'm glad you see that, Bee. I don't think he's good enough for you. But I don't know anybody that is, come to that."

"That's just your partiality. I'm a mean little hound or I never should have led him on," the girl answered in frank disgust.

Both of them felt smothered. The behavior of Bromfield had been a reflection on them. They had picked him for a thoroughbred, and he had failed them at the first test.

"Well, I haven't been proud of you

in that affair," conceded Colin. "It didn't seem like my girl to—"

He broke off in characteristic fashion to berate her environment. "It's this crazy town. The spirit of it gets into a person and he accepts its standards. Let's get away from here for a while, sweetheart."

"After Clay is out of trouble, Dad, I'll go with you back to Denver or to Europe or anywhere you say."

"That's a deal," he told her promptly. "We'll stay till after the annual election of the company and then go off on a honeymoon together, Bee."

To be continued

URGE WIDER USE OF CABBAGE

Experts of Cornell College of Agriculture Extol Humble Vegetable's Value as Food.

Lovers of cabbage will welcome the pronouncement of the experts at Cornell's College of Agriculture, acclaiming the merits of this succulent vegetable. Cabbage is a subject the discussion of which is not considered good social usage. For some inscrutable reason to acknowledge a fondness for it does not raise one in the estimation of professing epicures, writes H. Young in the Providence Journal.

Cabbage is rich in iron and other mineral salts, it contains a moderate amount of growth-promoting substance and the American people should eat more of it than is their habit, according to the Cornell propagandists. Have we not heard, too, that it contains these precious, if as yet unidentified elements called vitamins? This cabbage report suggests that Americans do not cook it properly, as a rule, and that may explain why appreciation of it is not more general. It should be "plunged into boiling salted water and left there for 30 minutes, no longer, uncovered"—instead of being confined to a tightly-covered receptacle for an indefinite period.

The practice of covering the dish has grown up because of a conventional disinclination to having the house filled with the perfume of boiling cabbage. But to a hungry cabbage lover this fragrance is one of the vegetable's charms. It exercises, as one may say, an agreeable psychological influence. There are, of course, divers ways of serving cabbage, all of them good. And since our tastes are often ruled by the judgment of authority, it may be believed that a widening circle of confessing cabbage eaters will be the consequence of Cornell's approving verdict.

SHORTAGE IN PANTS SUPPLY

Evidently Pioneers' Wardrobes Were, at Least to a Certain Extent, Unpleasantly Limited.

In the early days of central Illinois, a period when the settlers drove their hog to market at Chicago, breaking a path in winter by means of a yoke of oxen and a heavy log, a certain young man was in the habit of walking eight miles to see his best girl. On the occasion of one visit a heavy snowstorm swept the prairie, and the young man found it necessary to remain until morning. He slept in an "outside" room, the space between the logs being unheated. The old-fashioned feather bed with wool blankets protected him from the zero weather.

It so happened that the young man wore the style at that date, buckskin pants. Thoughtlessly on retiring he laid his pants on top of the bedclothes. A coyote or wolf crawled through the cracks between the logs in the night and carried his pants away. The thief was revealed when the young man was called for breakfast, and he cap the climax, not an extra pair of pants was to be had. The young man was forced to stay in bed and send a boy eight miles to his home for pants. There was only one pair in his family, those worn by his father. Thus the father had to go to bed and send the boy these pants in order that the latter could get back home.—Indianapolis News.

Altogether Too Suggestive.

Journeying along the border a few weeks ago, Tom Mix, a motion-picture actor, drove his automobile across the river into Juarez for a glass of beer, innocently parked in a space where parking was prohibited and walked off. He had made about two blocks when he was clapped on the back by a breathless Mexican policeman.

"You air under arrest for putting ze automobile where he do not belong. Come with me. Why you not stop when I call you?" panted the gendarme.

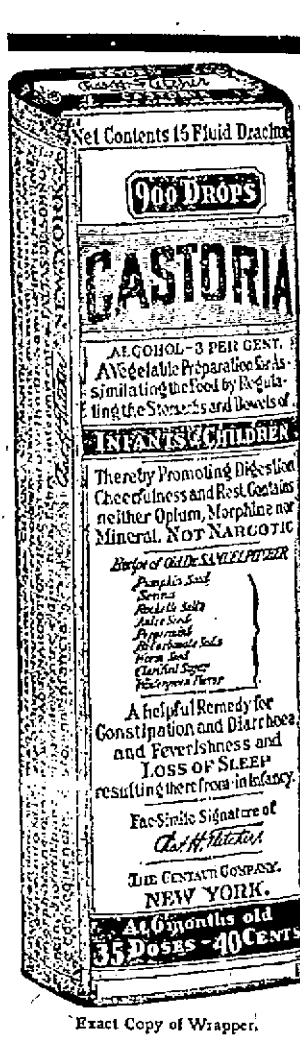
"Sir, senor, I call you twenty times. heee—like dees: Sasasasasa! Zat is ze way he call ze attention of a hombre in Mexico."

"Well," said Mix, "all I've got to say is that's a funny way to call an actor."

Seasoned Autolit.

Virginia is three and one-half years old. She calls herself "Buddy." Her father owns an automobile. The other day while the family was enjoying a ride, traveling at a rapid speed, the auto struck a large bump. So violent was the jolt that it seemed as if every spring would break. As the car rolled on Buddy, seated beside her father, looked up at him with large, round blue eyes and said: "Daddy, why don't you say dammitohell?"—Indianapolis News.

An old, crippled colored man recently knocked at the door of a North side residence and asked for work, relates the Indianapolis News. Having no work she thought he could do, the woman of the house answered in the negative, but she gave him his breakfast instead. When he handed back his dishes she slipped a check in the empty coffee cup and asked the meaning of it, and he said: "Just show it to the mister." It developed that it was a canceled check of the vintage of '16. The housewife accepted it in the spirit it was intended and sent the old fellow happily on his way.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria

Always
Bears the
Signature

of
Dr. J. C. H. H. H. H.
In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

What Is Charm?

Movie directors have been attempting to define charm in woman. No two of them advance the same definition. Sir J. M. Barrie in "What Every Woman Knows," says that "It's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't matter what else you have." That explains it generally. But a special providence has seen to it that no two men agree on a detailed definition. Otherwise our lives might be devoted entirely to gun fighting for the privilege of marrying the same character.—Toledo Blade.

Shipping Cases for Rubber.

A new case for shipping sheet rubber has been introduced into Singapore shipping circles by an American firm. These reach local exporters in the form of sheets made of 100 per cent fiber, the riveting, packing and wiring being done by the shippers. The thinness of the sheets enables the cases built from them to hold from 12 to 25 per cent more weight of rubber than the old wooden boxes, and the new construction is practically unbreakable, very cleanly and waterproof.—Scientific American.

Education in Iceland.

It is said that the population of Iceland is wholly literate. The outstanding fact of the educational system is that parents are responsible for teaching their children the elementary subjects. Children under 14 must take yearly examinations.

A Fish as a Mousetrap.

A large brook trout was caught by J. E. Barbour of Paterson, N. J., in the St. John's river, Gaspe, Canada, June 20, 1921, and when opened it was found that its stomach contained nine mice, five of them quite large.

A Grand Finale.

Musical professor, explaining why he had to have his new car towed in: "It's like this, the engine made staccato reports, then the car changed keys, and went on four flats, and it ended up with a grand pause.—Science and Invention.

Wonderful Nile Dams.

Through the work of British engineers it is possible to regulate within a few feet the amount of water that shall flow down the Nile bed; floods are unknown; so is that terrible state of affairs when there isn't enough water.

Waterproof Shoes.

If the soles of walking shoes are dipped in melted wax once in three or four weeks they will last twice as long and be waterproof. A small sum will buy enough wax for a dozen pairs.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says the reason we see the worst side of so many people is that a man is liable to keep silent when he's happy instead of when he loses his temper.

Physiological Fact.

There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.—George Elliot.

Why Turn to Right?

The first "keep to the right" law enacted in the United States is believed to have been passed by the Maryland legislature early in 1800.

"Measly" Trick?

Astronomers announce that the surface of the sun is breaking out. Maybe it has been rash.

Cakey Ships.

The cakey ships were invented by the combinations two B's.

Only Thirteen.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic markets at 10 per cent, less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

PICTURE HUNG BY "SPOOKS"

Rejected Portrait Appears Mysteriously on Walls of Salon in Big New York Hotel.

A phenomenon, as startling and mysterious to the officers and directors of the Society of Independent Artists as were the recent ghostly manifestations in Antigonish to the MacDonalds and Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, was revealed at the artists' exhibition on the top floor of the Waldorf.

The New York spirit nailed a rejected drawing to a wall, and above it hammered four tacks in a card which told that the picture was the work of Mrs. Emma Mabel Field of Chicago, and was called "Impressionist Personality Portrait of Miss Edith Bennett."

"Spooks or no spooks," said A. S. Baylinton, a director and secretary of the society, "that picture has got to come down. No one gave Mrs. Field permission to have it exhibited, and our walls aren't open for spirits." A special delivery letter from the artist to Mr. Baylinton, arrived a few days later.

"I am starting for home now," her letter says, "and will be under way before this letter is mailed. And I beg to inform you that I have left the matter entirely in the hands of my guide, who has assured me that my poor little picture will be exhibited there whether you wish it or not."—New York Times.

BITS OF JUVENILE WISDOM

Brief Extracts Purported to Have Been Taken From Essays of New York School Children.

The king of a government which does everything he says is an absolute monkey.

Polygamy is having more wives than you can support.

There are three kinds of races, black, white, and the shades in between.

There are three vowels, I. O. U.

A sextant is a man who buries you at sea.

People used to write with feathers which were called non de plumes.

Julius Caesar was one of the brides of March.

Savages are people who don't know what wrong is until missionaries show them.

A prehistoric animal is a funny kind of animal that is dead.

A nomad is a person who never gets mad.

Columbus knew the world was round because he made an egg stand up.

Ghosts which you see are as such things.

The study of geography is important because if it wasn't for geography, we wouldn't know where we lived.—New York Mail.

Very Painful Dentistry.

Dwight Crittenden claims the distinction of being the first white man to have a tooth drawn by one of the colored doctors of the African Transvaal. The father of this well-known actor was a mining engineer in Kimberley. While a boy in South Africa shooting pains indicated that a molar must be extracted, and as Dwight Crittenden's father's nines were situated far from medical aid, one of the medicine men was summoned, and after performing a fantastic war dance, to the tune of a tin horn, the gentleman extracted the offending molar with the aid of a pair of engineer's pliers. An anesthetic was administered in the form of native incense, but Dwight contends that it only served to intensify the agony.

To Take Census of Bees.

A census of the bees in a hive has been made possible by a clever device invented by an employee of the bureau of entomology.

The invention consists of a gate to be placed at the entrance to a beehive with a series of telephone message registers attached in such a way that every time a bee goes through the gate its passage is recorded. The device is operated electrically by alternating current.

As about 500,000 bees go out during the day, on honey-gathering expeditions, considerable electrical energy is needed to operate the recording gate, though the amount of energy expended by the device each time a bee passes is infinitesimal.

Handy Bible for Blind.

The American Bible society has announced it is to bring out a "small handy volume" of Scripture selections for the blind.

The pages are 7 by 13 inches, and the volume will weigh about a pound. A complete Bible prepared in the embossed system used for the blind weighs about 150 pounds and comes in from 11 to 58 volumes.

Adopt United States System.

The American idea of public health nursing has been formally adopted by the city council of Warsaw, Poland. A corps of nurses has been organized to work with the school doctors examining children and investigating health conditions in homes. Fifty thousand children of local grammar schools make the first group to come under this new system.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Established 1783

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, May 27, 1922.

The Senate military committee has agreed to report in favor of a regular army of 133,000 men and 12,500 officers. This adds 18,000 men and 1,500 officers to the house bill, and increases the house appropriations by \$46,000,000. This is no time to scrap either the army or navy. The country needs all the force called for in the Senate committee's report.

President Harding is doing a good work in his labor with the railroads to get their exorbitant freight and passenger charges reduced. It is a hard job he has undertaken. The railroad managers claim that any reduction is impossible as long as wages remain at the high rate granted by the Wilson administration. There is something in this. There is no doubt but that the wages of all classes of railroad employees should come down with everything else.

Prospective voters do not seem to be getting very much excited over the fall elections. Only a little over a month remains in which the non-taxpayers can register in order to vote in 1922, still the registry is very small not only in this city, but all over the State. Men and women both will do well to take notice if they wish to enjoy the privilege of going into the voting booths next November and December and making their cross against their favorite candidate.

Bostonians are rejoicing in the expectation of two new twelve-hundred room hotels, one of which is to be one of the famous Statler chain of hotels. It is a pity that Statler could not be induced to take a look at Newport. We probably will never get an up to date hotel here unless someone like Statler takes hold of it. All the advertising the Chamber of Commerce has done on the matter does not seem to promise any great results for the near future, or for the distant future, for that matter.

The political wise-ones see light in view of the recent Republican nominations in Indiana and Pennsylvania. They have already got Beveridge and Pinchot nominated for the next Republican candidate for President. In our opinion they are riding for a fall. When 1924 comes round, it will see President Harding, if living, renominated without a murmur of opposition. Mr. Pinchot has set the matter at rest as far as he is concerned. He says, in the next National convention, he expects to see just one event and that is the unanimous renomination of President Harding, and that if he should be a member of that convention he will take the greatest pleasure in making that nomination. Senator Beveridge has said practically the same thing.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered the railroads of the country to cut freight rates ten per cent, beginning July 1st. This is all right as far as it goes. But to compel the railroads to cut rates and still compel them to pay the enormously inflated labor wages would seem to be hardly fair. During Wilson's administration the expense of running the railroads was more than doubled. That expense has not been materially reduced. The railroads of the country need many millions of dollars for improvements and new mileage, but the outlook for new capital is not encouraging. Very few miles of new roads have been built in the last ten years, and the outlook for the next ten years is not brilliant. People with capital do not invest where the prospect of an adequate return is so poor as it has been in railroad stocks in the past decade.

There is considerable talk in the papers just now as to the candidates on the Republican ticket in this State next fall. Numerous names have been suggested, but apparently without authority from anywhere. We are not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but we venture the prediction that when November 1 comes round the voters will see practically the old ticket in the field; that is, San Souci for governor, Gross for lieutenant-governor, Parker for secretary of state, Rice for attorney-general and Jennings for general treasurer. For Congress, Burdick will doubtless be renominated from the First District, Stinson from the Second District, if he is well enough; if not, then Richard Aldrich, son of the late Senator Aldrich, of Warwick, will without doubt be the nominee; in the Third District Representative Kennedy can, probably, be persuaded to take a fourth term. For Senator the nominations are as good as already made. Ex-Governor Beekman has long been in training for the nomination. He will contest the seat with the present Senator Gerry, and it will doubtless be a fight to the finish. Which ever wins, Newport's interests will be well cared for.

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY

People of Newport are beginning to feel, as the Mercury has always felt, that our anomaly of a city government of one hundred and ninety-five irresponsible persons is a rather expensive luxury. There was no call for such a gigantic body of persons in the first place. No other city in the land has anything like it, and when people abroad are told that it takes over two hundred men to compose our city government they put on an incredulous smile. This monstrosity of a governing body is a relic of the late Admiral Chadwick. When first proposed the people themselves laughed at it; nobody supposed that the voters would adopt it; but people when they get in the election booths do queer things. The chief inducement that caused its adoption was the desire of the people to get rid of the license commission appointed by the governor. It was adopted, however, contrary to expectation, and we have lived under it sixteen years, during which time the expenses of governing the city have been more than doubled and still going up. The rate of taxation has been doubled and the city's valuation has been more than doubled, and that arbitrarily, for nobody for a moment believes that the property of the city would sell for twice what it would bring in 1906. If he thinks it would, let him try to sell a piece of real estate with a house on it.

Let us now look into the financial standing of the 195 persons who are spending over a million and a half of the people's money each year. Of this 195, one pays a tax on \$100, 53 on \$200, 8 on \$300, 2 on \$400, 4 on \$500, 4 do not appear in the tax book at all, as taxed in the name of the wife or themselves, and 8 appear as voting on the wife's property. One hundred and sixteen pay a tax on less than \$2000 worth of property. Only 15 of the 195 are taxed on more than \$10,000 of property. The tax on two hundred dollars personal property generally means that the person is taxed for the purpose of voting and holding office in the representative council. In most cases it represents no property. Most of the meetings of the representative council are held with a bare quorum present, so these seventy or more non-taxpayers can easily control the action of the body, and vote away money without limit knowing that none of it will come out of their pockets.

There are a few sizable taxpayers in this list of 195. For instance, P. H. Horgan, who is the largest taxpayer in the council, pays a tax on \$635,300. Ex-Mayor Garretson, on \$185,300; Marion Eppley on \$84,300, and his wife on \$25,000; James P. Cozens, on \$60,200; Dr. C. A. Brackett, on \$55,000; Apostolos B. Cascamas, on \$35,700; Benj. F. Downing, 3d, on \$31,400; Senator Max Levy, on \$29,500; George E. Cassinatis, on \$24,500, and Dr. Charles W. Stewart, on \$20,800.

A BAD SHOWING FOR THE STATE

Federal investigation of the condition of child labor in this State has been going on for some time and the report of the conditions in Providence, Pawtucket and Central Falls is anything but complimentary to the State. The report tells of more than 5000 children, from three to fifteen years old, working in cramped, poorly lighted and unsanitary rooms. More than 50 per cent of these little ones earn a maximum of less than five cents an hour. Eighty per cent of them earn less than ten cents an hour. Children from 3 to 6 years old are working for less than one cent an hour.

Scores of children are compelled to pursue their work late into the night, in many instances staying up until midnight or later, until they fall asleep at their tasks. In many instances boys and girls are kept out of school on fictitious excuses, that they may have so much more time to work.

Children operate foot presses and similar simple machines set up in the home and frequently lose parts on their fingers and sustain other injuries. A large percentage of them suffer from eye trouble. Others, tired and listless and the spirit of their youth broken, drop behind their school classes.

This "home work" is done, in large numbers of instances, while members of the family are ill with infectious diseases. In some cases children with measles, whooping cough, diphtheria, and like highly contagious ills, take part in the work, constituting a direct threat to the health of the community.

The progress made in the United States Senate these days reminds one of the early days of railroading when it was claimed to be necessary to chalk the track to ascertain which way the train was moving. The tariff bill assumes to be under discussion, but everything rather than tariff is discussed. Of the several hundred items in the bill, a month's discussion has temporarily disposed of two.

Pawtucket has a real son of the American Revolution in the person of Henry A. Burlingame. His father, Ezech Burlingame of Gloucester, who was 82 years old when his son was born, was a minute man in the latter days of the Revolution. The father had three wives and 21 children. Henry A. was the youngest.

FORT ADAMS ANNIVERSARY

Ninety-four years ago Wednesday, May 24, 1828, the corner stone of the second Fort Adams was laid with impressive ceremonies. In 1905 workmen, while blasting away the ledge for the purpose of making the underground passage ways, and otherwise enlarging and strengthening the fort to its present condition, blasted open the old corner stone and in it was discovered an interesting document, placed there in 1828. It read as follows:

This fort, being a part of a system of defence for the seacoast of the United States of America, was planned by Lieut. Col. J. G. Totten, member of the Board of Engineers in the year 1820: James Monroe, President of the United States; John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War.

The first stone was laid on the 11th of May, 1825, John Quincy Adams, President of the United States; John C. Calhoun, Vice President; James Barber, Secretary of War; James Fenner was Rhode Island's Governor at that time.

The first fort built on the site was erected by the inhabitants of Newport in 1776. The next was dedicated July 4, 1799, and named after John Adams, then President of the United States. It was the second largest fortification in the country. The fort that followed was started in 1824 and finished in about 15 years.

One hundred and thirty-two years ago next Monday, May 29, 1790, Rhode Island ratified the Federal Constitution; the last of the thirteen colonies. This action took place in the Second Baptist Church in Newport. The historian of that occasion says: "So great was the eager crowd that the State House was found too small to hold them, and the convention was compelled to adjourn to the Second Baptist Church. It still took three days before a vote was reached; and then, at five o'clock, of Saturday afternoon, on the 29th day of May, 1790, Rhode Island declared her adhesion to the Union."

Parson S. Peckham, probably the oldest man in Rhode Island, died at his home in Coventry Centre, on Monday, at the advanced age of 100 years, 7 months and 20 days. The deceased was one of the pioneer manufacturers of the State. He was a descendant from one of the oldest families of the State, as well as probably the most numerous one. The many Peckhams on this island will testify to that fact.

The Interstate Commerce Commerce figures that 5.75 per cent is a fair return for money invested in railroad stock. W. wouldn't the stockholders of the poor old New York, and New Haven road smile when they saw five and three-quarters, or even half that amount, coming?

The sub-committee of the U. S. Senate for scrapping the U. S. Navy consists of Senators Poindexter of Washington, Newberry of Michigan, and Gerry of Rhode Island.

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Fi Fo Fum—One Step
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Ah There—Fox Trot
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PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R. I.

WEEKLY CALENDAR, MAY, 1922

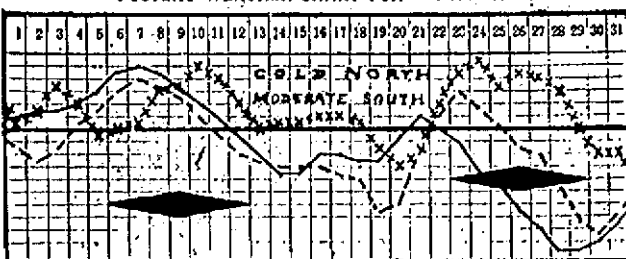
STANDARD TIME											
Sun	Sun	Moon	High Water	Sun	Sun	Moon	High Water	Sun	Sun	Moon	High Water
Sets	Sets	Sets	Sets	Sets	Sets	Sets	Sets	Sets	Sets	Sets	Sets
27 Sat	1 13	7 11	5 01	8 09	8 10	28 Sun	1 13	7 11	5 01	8 09	8 10
29 Mon	1 13	7 11	5 01	8 09	8 10	30 Tue	1 13	7 11	5 01	8 09	8 10
31 Wed	1 13	7 11	5 01	8 09	8 10	1 Thurs	1 13	7 11	5 01	8 09	8 10
2 Fri	1 13	7 11	5 01	8 09	8 10						

First quarter May 4, 7:57 morning
Full moon May 11, 1:07 morning
Last quarter May 18, 1:18 evening
New moon May 25, 1:05 evening

Deaths.

In this city, 20th inst., Willis Howard Nelson, aged 57 years.
Suddenly, in this city, 22d inst., Ellen Meehan, wife of Nicholas B. A. Champlin.
Suddenly, in this city, May 25, at his residence, 29 Liberty street, Michael Doyle.
At Quincy, Mass., 21st inst., Marjorie Frances, only daughter of Walter and Mary E. (Booth) Dunn, aged 4 years.
7 months, 19 days.
In Jamestown, 22d inst., Harriette Amanda, widow of Peter P. Brown, aged 96 years.

FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR MAY 1922.



For meridian (N) a line north and south from St. Louis. Straight, heavy horizontal line is normal temperature. Dashed line is temperature forecast; a line they go above normal has warm, below has cool. Precipitation is shown for every day and increase of precipitation. Solid shaded line is for northern limit, broken line for middle latitude, X line for southern limit. Weather events move from northern Canada in meridian N to E in 3 days; from W, half way to Atlantic coast in about 2 days; from W to Atlantic coast in about 4 days.

Washington, D. C., May 27.

Severe storms are expected on the continent during the week centering on June 4. For their locations see divisions. These severe storms will bring an increase of rain where rain has been predicted and following will occur the Northern frosts that are expected during the week centering on June 10. These storms will be unusually severe and I advise to be on the lookout for tornadoes. Some destructive hail storms are expected. But it is quite difficult to locate hail, tornadoes and thunder storms. These all come from the same causes exactly. Tornadoes are of electro-magnetic origin, hence lightning and thunder. Hail comes from tornadoes that are so high that they do not touch the earth and they throw the moisture so high that it freezes into small round ice balls, gathering and freezing more moisture as they fall, therefore the rough forms of hail. When the hail does not fall thru a cloud, the hail stones are smooth and round. Crops should be insured for the first ten days of June. The storms of first week in June impress me to again warn you of their danger.

Northwest—North of 36, between 90 and Rockies crest. Cool wave will cover that division on June 4 and as that is the central date of the severe storms you may expect a cold wave and killing frosts. Hail is expected June 1 and 2 and probably near 8. Warm wave will cover that division 6 or 7, most rain near 2 and 8. Hail will cover an exceedingly small part of the division and the crop weather will average good. Least rain will occur in small sections that have high ridges south or southeast of them; too much rain where the high ridges are north or northwest.

Southwest—South of 36, between 90

and Rockies crest. Monotonous weather. No great changes in temperatures. Some danger of hot winds; not much danger of hail. Otherwise fair crop weather. Temperature averages higher than usual. All for the week centering on June 4. Probabilities favor a tropical storm in the Gulf of Mexico during the week centering on May 31. It will not be of much force for several days but will reach its greatest intensity near June 3. These tropical storms very often cause very cool weather in division Northwest and heavy rains within 600 miles of New Orleans.

Northeast—East of 90, north of 38. Temperatures below normal during week centering on June 5; only a little higher for week centering on June 8. Severe storms near 5. Great fall in temperatures from 5 to 11. Good crop weather during first ten days of month. Frosts north of lakes near June 11.

Pacific Slope—North of 38, west of

Rockies crest. Variations in temperature fluctuations much the same as for Northwest except about two days earlier. The tropical storm on the Gulf of Mexico during the week centering on June 8 will cause lower temperatures than usual in northern Pacific slope and probably frosts in northern parts.

At least average crops will be produced

by North America this year and market values of grain and cotton have been too high because of a great battle between the bulls and bears in which the former have been the masters. That battle is about completed, and I believe the markets will go much lower before the middle of June. Conditions, supply and demand, have not warranted the recent high markets of these staples and I advise these who are on the big side of future deliveries to get out.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

The local W. C. T. U. were entertained by Mrs. Oscar Willis at her home at the Center last Wednesday afternoon.

Abel Allen, the local beach inspector, made a survey of the hot sands at Crescent Beach last week.

Entertainment and Sale

On Tuesday afternoon the W. C. T. U. held a sale of fancy articles and food in the vestry of the First Baptist Church and in the evening a musical entertainment was given in the Church auditorium. The following program was presented:

Prayer—Dr. Horace F. Roberts
Address of Welcome—Mrs. C. C. Ball
Song—Win a Million Members,
W. C. T. U.

Solo—Mr. Winifred Arnold
Flower Mission (Dialogue)

Mrs. Ray Mitchell, Mrs. Harry Rose, Miss Mary Sheffield, Miss Emma Rose, Master Sammy Molt
Reading—Mrs. S. Martin Rose
Solo—Samuel Hayes, Jr.
Announcements—Mrs. Roberts
Benediction—Dr. Roberts.

Wedding Anniversary

A large number of friends paid Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rose a surprise visit at their home, Ocean Spray Cottage, last Friday evening in honor of their wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie H. Dodge have returned to their home at the Gables, after visiting friends in Providence and Lakewood the past week.

Surprise Party

A party of nearly 50 young people paid a surprise visit to Rev. Alice Haire at the Center Parsonage last Wednesday evening. The affair was arranged as a welcome social in honor of Mrs. Haire's return to the island as Pastor of the Center Church for the ensuing year. The evening was enjoyed in playing games and singing, several musical selections being rendered on the piano by Mrs. Lockwood and Miss Doris Mitchell, together with vocal selections by Miss Clark. A beautiful cut glass vase and bouquet of carnations was presented to Mrs. Haire by Mrs. Ella Lockwood in behalf of the members of the church and the many friends in all sections of the island. Refreshments, ice cream and cake, were served during the evening.

England vs. Block Island

A noted writer once remarked that "sunshine is never off of the British possessions." By carefully perusing the geography we find this to be true. On the other hand, it seems that Old Sol has nothing on our mutual friend, the Lesser Light, for observation teaches us that the "moonshine" is never off of Block Island. It will thus be observed that England and Block Island each have a perpetual monopoly upon the celestial regions, but if we will recall our lessons in Physiology we will find that the moon is more magnetic because its "shine" gets us to these regions quicker. Hooray for Block Island!

Memorial Day Program

Memorial Day will be observed by the public school children with the following program which will be presented at the Island Cemetery, Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

Song—America
Invocation—Dr. H. F. Roberts
Recitation
Recitation
Recitation
Recitation
Recitation
Recitation
Song—Battle Hymn of the Republic

Assembly

Concert Recitation—Lincoln's Gettysburg Address: Grade VIII

Recitation—The Blue and the Gray: Sadie Sanchez

Concert Recitation—The New Rosette: Grade VII

Recitation—A Soldier's Offering: Hastings Conley

Song—Tenting, tonight on the old Camp Ground: Assembly

Concert Recitation—The Palmetto and the Pine: Grade VIII

Recitation—The Bivouac of the Dead: Linda Steadman

Concert Recitation—The Ship of State: Grade VII

Reading—It came upon the Midnight Clear: Ida F. Sprague

Reading—Peace: Rheta I. Rose

Reading—Recessional: Edna Dodge

Address: Nicholas Ball

Song—Star Spangled Banner

Prayer: Rev. Alice Haire

It is hoped that the citizens of the town will attend these exercises in large numbers and assist the school children in paying tribute to those whose souls lie in this sphere are ended, but whose deeds and loving memory will ever be cherished by this and future generations.

John B. Nahan has purchased the Brown & Hayward wharf property from Mrs. Phoebe Bradford Brown. This property has been used for the coal and wood business of the late Edward S. Peckham.

The Mercury is in receipt of a valuable computation of Masonic statistics from Mr. Simon Newton of Detroit, Mich., which will appear in a subsequent issue.

The Women's Relief Corps of Lawton-Warren Post has presented a handsome American flag to Canton Newport, the presentation being made on Thursday evening.

Councilman John J. Peckham, who was taken ill last week in the store of Bardsley-Riley Company, is still confined to his home, and his improvement has been slow.

Restraint.

A Brentwood clergyman, who has completed a ministry of 50 years, has just preached his 4,635th sermon. His congregation, it is understood, has decided to do nothing in the matter.—Westminster Gazette.

Men With Small Feet.

It has been discovered that men with small feet are those who are fond of amusements. They do not, according to science, make the best husbands. Men with larger feet appear to measure up better.

Snake-Editors Avoid Venom.

Animals which eat snakes—the hedgehog, fox, eagle, etc.—never eat the head of a poisonous snake, according to J. E. Fryer, whose German studies on venomous snakes is translated in the Scientific American.

It Would Seem So.

Our observation is that a couple of modern lovers on a train can be as demonstrative in a prairie country as in a land of tunnels.—Dallas News.

Prospective Patient.

"My doctor has advised me to go South for my health." "Was he being kind or was he being wise?"—New York Times.

Smoked Ceilings.

Smoked ceilings that have been smoked by an oil lamp may be cleaned by washing with soda water.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

For Week Ending May 19, 1922

Prepared by U. S. Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS

Fancy butter continued scarce throughout the week at unchanged prices on these grades. Butter scoring 90 points and below has been in ample supply with undergrades showing an accumulation and being hard to move buyers had to take enough of these grades, in the absence of fine butter, to trade them over until the better qualities arrive in larger proportions. Dealers have been free sellers of medium and undergrades and in an effort to keep their floors clean have made a big concession. Receipts of northern butter have been light, quality none too good, the best bringing up to 27 1/2c. Cheese market opened about steady but an unsettled undertone developed. However, upon the arrival of the higher costing goods towards the close of the week dealers were forced to raise their asking prices and buyers were taking up for their immediate needs 17 3/4-18c, and some lots at 18 1/2c. Eggs, although current receipts continued in light supply and brought 27 1/2-28c the first of the week an unsettled undertone developed and toward the close dealers were willing to sell the best at 27 1/2c. Demand for grades and grades improved and during the week grades brought as high as 26c and grades at 25c and 24c. Storage packed eggs at 24c-25c throughout the week, first bringing 24 1/2-25c mostly in a small way. Nearby henfry showed improvement and moved up, well at 32-33c. Best dressed poultry, well at 23-24c and a weaker tone developed fresh killed fowl ruled 20-25c, frozen also dull ranging 22-23c. Live poultry dull, fowls bringing 21-22c.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Fruits scarce and high, with the exception of strawberries. New green vegetables plentiful with fairly active trading and lower prices on several important lines. Native asparagus higher, selling mostly \$4.00-\$5.00 a box, with extra fancy stock at \$7.00-\$7.50. Native best greens lower at \$1.50 a box, dandelions slightly lower at 25-30c a box, Norfolk cabbage declined further to 17-18c-20c per 100 lb. crate. Southern green beans plentiful and active at \$1.00-\$2.00 a box. Hamper, Texas bunches carrots \$2.50-\$2.75 a box, basket. Native lettuce lower at 75c-\$1.25 a box. Texas Bermuda onions 75c lower at \$1.50-\$2.75 a crate. Florida oranges scarce and higher at \$3.50-\$4.00 a box. Maine potatoes 5c lower at \$1.25-\$1.50 per 100 lb. sack. Florida and South Carolina potatoes lower at mostly 40c-\$5.00 a barrel. Latest word from other cities indicates active trading and slightly higher prices for new potatoes. Native rhubarb steady at mostly \$1.00 a box. Baltimore spinach selling well at mostly \$1.25 a box. Virginia and Maryland strawberries plentiful but selling well at 15-20c a quart. Florida water-melons, 22-24 lb. average, 65-80c each.

Miss Matilda Reynolds, a 20-year-old cashier, who attempted suicide a few weeks after her former employer Daniel Grimes a Manchester, N. H. restaurant proprietor had refused to marry her, was arrested by Boston police inspectors charged with threatening the life of Grimes and that of his brother, George Grimes of the Hotel Westminster and with attempting to extort \$500 from them.

Mrs. George Maynard Minor, president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in an address before the delegates of the 33d annual national congress of the Sons of the American Revolution, Springfield, Mass., propaganda of socialism which, she said, was assailing our government today. She urged every citizen of this country to unite in fighting what she termed a foe more deadly than bullets.

Charles W. Morse of Bath, and Rupert M. Much of Augusta Me. were held in \$5000 bail each, when they were arraigned before United States Commissioner Chapman in Portland on complaint requiring them to show cause why they should not be removed to New York, to answer to an indictment charging them and others with use of the mails in conspiracy to defraud in connection with the sale of steamship company stock.

Samuel King Hamilton, member of the Boston law firm of Hamilton & Eaton, and one of the oldest and most distinguished lawyers in Massachusetts died at his home in Wakefield, where he had lived for half a century. He had been president of the Middlesex County Bar Association and vice-president of the Massachusetts Bar Association in addition to having been active in town affairs. Mr. Hamilton was born in Waterbury, Me., July 27, 1837.

Governor Cox of Massachusetts signed the "state Volstead" bill, which would give state and local officials equal powers and responsibilities with federal officers in the enforcement of the 18th amendment to the federal constitution. Just before giving his approval to the measure which gives them sole power to issue search warrants, but after hearing a number of legislators in rebuttal decided that the provision was intended to throw a safeguard around the sanctity of a man's home.

Congregational churches in Massachusetts will assume their full responsibility in raising \$1,087,500 apportioned as the quota in the \$5,000,000 goal for the Congressional word movement. A vote to assume the entire quota was passed at the business session of the Massachusetts Congregational conference, Fitchburg, Mass., which overruled the recommendations of the missionary apportionment committee, which advocated raising only part of the allotment each year until 1925.

Charles L. Burrill, former Massachusetts state treasurer, has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Burrill will run in opposition to Alvan T. Fuller and Joseph E. Warner, former speaker of the House.

DONA BERTHA LUTZ

One of the Foremost
Women of Brazil

Dona Bertha Lutz represented the League of the Intellectual Emancipation of Women of Brazil at the Pan-American conference of women in Baltimore. Miss Lutz, who is founder and president of the league, is twenty-eight years old, and recognized as one of the foremost women of her country. She is secretary of the National Museum of Brazil, the first woman to hold this position.

UNEARTH GIGANTIC
MAIL THEFT PLOT

Plan for Spectacular Holdup in
City Hall Post Office, New
York, Is Frustrated.

New York.—Seven young men—all graduates of New York's public schools, all successful in government civil service examinations, all former post office clerks—are prisoners of the United States, alleged to be participants in a conspiracy to loot the registered mail section of the post office department.

Unskilled in the system of silence followed by professional criminals, they surrendered one after another to the demands of post office inspectors for the truth, and among them revealed:

1. A plot to rob the Registry Division of the City Hall Post Office.
2. The roles played by several of them in the mysterious theft of \$1,477,800 in Liberty bonds from the Registry Division of the General Post Office, Thirty-third street and Eighth avenue, July 18, 1921.
3. The theft from the Registry Division of the City Hall Post Office and disposal in Wall street of \$3,400 in Liberty bond coupons one month ago.
4. The hitherto undetected theft from the same division and disposal in Wall street ten months ago of 60,000 francs, sold for 6% cents each.
5. The destruction by fire of the bonds of the General Post Office lot when capture seemed likely.

WORLD'S NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

BERLIN.—Up to March 1, Germany had destroyed 5,835,000 rifles and carbines, 104,000 machine guns, 35,700,000 loaded shells and bullets, 14,800,000 grenades, 13,383 airplanes and 24,045 airplane engines.

LONDON.—Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm is to be compensated with 200,000,000 marks by the present German government for landed property taken over since the revolution and Wilhelm's exile in Holland.

BELFAST.—W. J. Twaddle, a member of the Ulster Parliament, was shot to death by three assassins in the street here.

LEXINGTON, VA.—Arthur Dawson, official portrait painter of the United States Military Academy, announced he had discovered at Washington and Lee University here, an original painting of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart. The painting is estimated to be worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000.

LOS ANGELES.—Following discharge of the jury trying Arthur C. Burch for the murder of Bolton C. Kennedy, Deputy District Attorney Asa Keyes said there would undoubtedly be the third trial. The second trial of Mrs. Obenchain, his alleged accomplice, is set for June 5.

TOKIO.—The Shantung agreement, negotiated with China at the Washington conference, was ratified by Japan.

VIENNA.—A Communist revolution has broken out in Sofia, according to reports received in diplomatic circles here. King Boris and his government are declared to have fled to Yarna. Red flags, it is said, are flying over the Bulgarian capital. Street fighting is in progress.

PARIS.—Ambassador Myron T. Herrick placed the cornerstone of the American Memorial Hospital at Rheims.

Federal prohibition agent Robert H. Jack and a squad of deputies raided the residence of Dr. Alexander C. Haggerthy in Ellsworth, Me., and seized \$15,000 worth of liquor, including 121 cases, one barrel, five kegs and three 5-gallon jugs of whiskey, 14 cases and one barrel of gin, one barrel of alcohol and a quantity of bottled beer.

SQUELCH REVOLT
IN NICARAGUA

Fortress Loma, Seized by Rebels
Opposing Government, Re-
turned Within Few Hours.

FEAR AMERICAN MARINES

United States Minister Ramer Gets
Quick Action by Threat to Return
Fire—Censored Report Made
Public by State Department.

Managua, Nicaragua.—A revolutionary movement broke out here against President Diego Manuel Chamorro, a band of rebels seizing Fortress Loma, commanding this city. Upon representation of the American Minister, John E. Ramer, however, the revolutionists later agreed to turn over the fort to the commander of the American marines to be given back to the government.

The capture of Fortress Loma was effected under command of General Arcenio Cruz, who took the position by strategy in the absence of the commander. Other leaders of the revolutionary movement are Adan Canton and Salvador Castillero. All are prominent conservatives, but are of the factions opposed to the present government.

As soon as news of the capture of the fortress was received, the American Minister sent a letter to the commander of the rebellious troops. The reply stated that the rebels were friendly to the Americans, and that their purpose was to cause the resignation of the President and a change of the present cabinet.

The American Minister answered, stating that if the fort fired upon Campo de Marte, where American marines are stationed, or upon the city, the fire would be returned by the marines. He also proposed that General Cruz send three representatives to the American Legation to meet three representatives of the government for a joint conference.

Ramer then communicated by wireless with Rear Admiral Cole, of the United States Navy, who replied that he was within 100 miles of Nicaragua and would arrive at Corinto with 400 marines. The government is busy recruiting troops, and expected that 1,000 men would arrive presently from Granada.

There was rifle and machine gun firing between government troops and those holding the fortress during the afternoon several soldiers being wounded.

Later, at the conference, it was agreed that General Cruz would surrender the fortress to the order of the American marines, to be turned back to the government. It also was agreed that the civilians implicated in the revolution would be pardoned and that the military participants should be imprisoned for 30 days.

There was high tension and fear among the people.

State Department Censors Report
Washington.—Headquarters of the marine corps received a report from the commanding officer of the marine corps detachment at Managua concerning disturbances there, which was made public by Acting Secretary Roosevelt, after the State Department had censored it, and with the state department's permission. It read as follows:

"Fort Aloma was seized by revolutionists at 1 p. m., May 21. Commanding officer notified them immediately that American interests would be protected with artillery fire should any firing on the legation, marine detachment or city occur.

"The marine camp was used as refuge for entire government. A conference between revolutionists and government was suggested by American Minister and commanding officer, and, after having been informed that no firing on the city would be tolerated (15 words of dispatch here deleted by the State Department), the forts were evacuated. A representative of the garrison formally received the fort and the Alacridy government forces were re-established about 9 p. m. Casualties (natives), 3. Presence of detachment amply justified. City quiet."

RAMMED BY SUBMARINE
New Schooner Sinks at Dock After
Crash in Fog Off Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The new steamer schooner Virginia Olson was rammed by the navy submarine D-7 in a dense fog off the breakwater, outside the harbor, here and, racing at full speed with a hole in her bow, sank just after reaching dock in the harbor here.

Captain John Johnson reported that the submarine proceeded on its way seaward after the collision and he did not know if it was damaged.

FOR WOMEN'S DRESS REFORM
Catholic League Members Would Es-
tablish Commission in Paris.

Rome.—The fifth international convention of the Union of Catholic Women's Leagues concluded its session by adopting a resolution for the establishment of a commission in Paris for moral and artistic training in women's dress, with preference for national costumes. Cardinal Merry Del Val presided at the desire of the Pope, who recently expressed a desire for modesty in women's attire.

LOUIS A. HILL

New Director of Printing
and Engraving at Washington

Louis A. Hill, by executive order signed by President Harding, was made director of the bureau of printing and engraving, the largest printing plant in the world, when James L. Wilmett, director, was ousted with 26 other executives in the drastic reorganization of the bureau.

SHORTAGE OF LABOR
PROVES PROSPERITY

Middle West Situation Bears Out
Optimism Expressed by Presi-
dent—Improvement in Grain.

Washington.—President Harding has undertaken to prepare the way for the return of business prosperity and to assist in realizing its return.

The conference at the White House with representatives of the steel industry and the conference the President held with the railroad executives are part of the program.

Reports reaching the White House show that prosperity is returning rapidly to the United States and the belief was expressed that within ninety days there would be a general shortage of common labor. Such a shortage was reported to be already manifest in Detroit, Chicago and Ohio cities. The representatives of the steel industry who met with the President entertain the same belief, while railroad executives point to increasing railroad business.

So far as the basic farming industry is concerned, the Administration understands the grain industry has attained a better standard, with prices greatly increased. This has been brought about by the return of generally normal conditions and by the aid of the War Finance Corporation. The stock industry still complains of untoward conditions, stressing objections to excessive freight rates and other obstacles, chiefly of a marketing character.

The President purposes to deal with both difficulties in a direct manner. The twelve hour day he regards as economically unsound and as tending to a prolongation of the differences.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Senator Tom Watson (Georgia) called Senator Phipps (Colorado) names and threatened to "smash his face" in a quarrel over the Georgia post office nominations.

The House Banking Committee resumed consideration of permanent rural credits legislation.

Senator Caraway renews attacks on Attorney General Daugherty, introducing letter that charges C. W. Morse agreed to pay \$100,000 to get out of prison.

The senate began consideration on Wednesday of the troublesome dye tariff issue.

Railroad executives named a committee of seven, headed by Daniel Willard, to co-operate with the Interstate Commerce Commission, at the President's request, in an effort to reduce freight rates.

Samuel Untermyer of New York, in a letter to Representative Woodruff (Michigan), deplored the government's failure to prosecute alleged war contract frauds.

The President's reason for declining, at the eleventh hour, to attend the dedication of the Woman's Party headquarters remained a mystery and aroused considerable speculation.

Women ruffed when President Harding refused to attend dedication of National Woman's Party headquarters.

Senator Willis declares delay in enactment of tariff legislation due to "conscienceless business."

Secretary Hoover calls conference of coal operators to work out details of plan to prevent price increase.

Railroad executives agree to co-operate with President Harding to bring about lower rates.

Untermyer attacks Attorney General Daugherty's plans for investigating war contract frauds.

LINER SINKS,
SCORES DROWN

Peninsular & Oriental Steamer
Egypt Sinks After Crashing
Into French Freighter.

TRAGEDY IN DENSE FOG

Indian Sailors on Ill-Fated Ship Are
Charged With Taking to Lifeboats—
Seine, Damaged, Lands 29 Passen-
gers, 200 of Crew and 20 Dead.

Brest, France.—Nearly 100 persons perished when the Peninsular & Oriental Line steamer Egypt sank off the Island of Ushant, after a collision with the French freight steamer Seine.

The Egypt sailed from London for Bombay on Friday with 44 passengers and a crew of 290. A roll call on board the Seine after the disaster showed that at least 15 of the passengers and 80 of the crew of the Egypt were missing.

The collision occurred during a dense fog within 22 miles of the Armen lighthouse. The dinner gong was about to be sounded on board the Egypt. Many of the passengers and most of the crew were on deck. The shock threw persons into the sea; others jumped, and a number went down with the ship, which sank in 20 minutes. The Egypt was rammed amidships on the port side.

The Seine, badly damaged, reached Brest with 29 rescued passengers, more than 200 of the crew and the bodies of 20 dead. The captain of the Egypt is among the saved.

When the collision occurred there was a rolling sea. Some of those rescued charge that the Indian sailors on board the Egypt took to the lifeboats immediately the vessels crashed, so that a large number of the passengers and crew had to shift for themselves. Those who jumped into the sea and who could swim scrambled about for bits of wreckage to which they might cling. Many of those were rescued. They floated about in the fog after the Egypt went down, calling for help. The sound of their voices directed members of the crew of the Seine in small boats, who were patrolling the sea, picking up both living and dead.

In some instances the rescue crews came upon persons clinging to bits of debris who let go and sank just as aid for them was at hand. The small boats on numerous occasions sought vainly in the fog to locate persons lifting cries of distress through the fog. Among the known missing are the doctor and chief engineer of the Egypt.

The Egypt was a vessel of 8,000 tons. The Seine was bound for Havre when the disaster occurred.

Captain Le Barrie, of the Seine, in describing the disaster, said:

"I was at my post on the upper bridge Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, 15 miles from Armen light. The sea was calm with a slight swell. The fog was very dense. I was listening for fog horns and proceeding at the slow speed of five knots.

"In less time than it takes to tell, a great steamer emerged from the fog. It struck my ship and tore away the forward works and moved on at great speed. I immediately ordered our engines reversed.

"I saw nothing further. But then I began to hear cries of horror that told me of a catastrophe. I went in search of the stricken vessel in the fog and darkness. I found her in 20 minutes.

"She lay on her port side, ready to turn over. Water was pouring into a long, deep tear in her side plates. Cries and walls of despair were to be heard coming from the steamer. Passengers were seen running about on the decks, as the steamer was about to go under.

"I saw a man throw himself into the sea with two little children in his arms. The shipwrecked people in the sea clung to floating debris. I had all my lifeboats lowered. It was particularly perilous work, for we were on the main path of vessels going from the open sea to the English Channel. I stayed at the scene of the wreck until 20 minutes after 11 o'clock Saturday night."

Two American Women Missing

London.—Two American women, Mrs. M. L. Shibley and Miss V. M. Boyer, were on board the steamer Egypt and are missing, according to the Peninsular and Oriental Line officials here. Their home addresses are not known to the company.

Appearance of state troopers in the role of motorcycle patrols to check speeding by motorists on the state road between North Adams and Williamstown Mass., promises to halt the practice. Registration numbers have been noted and a report will be sent to the state authorities.

Powder and Perfume
With Cuticura Talcum

An exquisitely scented, antiseptic powder. Gives quick relief to sunburned or irritated skins, overcomes heavy perspiration, and imparts a delicate, lasting fragrance, leaving the skin sweet and wholesome.

Incorporated 1819

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

INTEREST 4 1-2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

STEP BY STEP, UP THEY CLIMB

This applies to the hundreds of men, women, boys and girls, who are practicing the saving habit and making regular deposits with The Industrial Trust Company.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETSAll Orders Promptly Filled
CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE CONNECTIONNEW ENGLAND NEWS
IN TABLOID FORMNews of General Interest
From the Six States

Gov. Cox of Massachusetts has allowed to become law without his signature a bill which prevents double trials of the same case by lower court judges.

In asking the Massachusetts legislature to give him more power to control the setting of fire throughout the state, Commissioner of Conservation William A. L. Bazeley told a committee of the General Court that five livers were lost, 70 buildings burned and more than 35,000 acres of forest land destroyed by fires this year.

Two hundred and fifty delegates attended the 50th annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Maine, K. of P., in Bangor. Frank H. Haskell of Woodford, grand vice-chancellor, was unopposed for the office of grand chancellor. A fund of more than \$100,000 will be raised by per capita subscription of \$1 a year for five years to be devoted to relief work within the order.

Executives of the various licensed detective agencies in Boston have formed "The New England Private Detectives' Association" and elected officers. The organization is the first of its kind in this section of the country. It has for its objects the elevation of ethics among the operatives, and has pledged itself for a campaign to exterminate undesirables in the profession.

Most of the migratory birds have arrived from the South, and nest building is now in full swing, according to a bulletin just issued by E. H. Forbush, Massachusetts state ornithologist. In connection with bird banding, it is reported that purple finch which was banded on May 13, last year, was captured this year on May 10, by Harry Higbee, a bird observer, and that Lawrence B. Fletcher of the New England Bird Banding Association, recently caught a song sparrow which was banded May 28, last year.

Nell Carlin, 102 years old and the oldest resident of Portland, Me., died at his rooms on Emory street. Mr. Carlin was born in Ireland and had resided in Portland 83 years.

Director Forbes of the veterans' bureau, Washington, announced that President Harding has approved bureau plans for construction of a new hospital for former service men at Northampton, Mass.

Carrying a cargo of 800 pounds of selected Gloucester county, New Jersey, asparagus, one passenger and a pilot, a Fokker monoplane arrived at the Framingham, Mass., airfield from Mullica Hill, N. J.

Robert O. Morris, aged 76, of Springfield, Mass. has just completed his 50th year in the office of Clerk of Courts of Hampden County a record believed to be almost unequalled in Massachusetts court annals.

Leniency was extended in superior court, Portland, to Frances E. Lilly 18 because of the condition of her health. She pleaded guilty to an indictment charging larceny of \$700 from Foster Avery Company, where she was employed as an assistant cashier.

CONGRESS WINS HOT RACE

Extends Rent Control Two Years Just Before Its Expiration.

Washington.—Congress raced with the landlords of Washington and won by 4 hours and 45 minutes—putting through a two-year extension to the rent control act for the District of Columbia, which would have expired at midnight.

The house fought over it all day, but the senate adopted it in less time than was required by the house for one of its numerous rollcalls.

EX-KAISER WRITES BOOK

His Version of World War to Be Published by Americans.

Berlin.—A book written by former Emperor William, dealing with the world war, is understood to have been acquired for publication by an American group. The manuscript makes about 100,000 words. Those who have been instrumental in acquiring it say it is to appear in the identical form prepared by the ex-emperor, the contents having been passed on by five American readers.

As They Do It Up North

By CORONA REMINGTON

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"Next station's Pennington, please." Marion Caruthers looked up, nodded to the porter, quickly stuffed the magazine she was reading into her bag and put on her coat and hat. A moment later she was standing on the platform watching the train pull out. As she glanced around she felt like running after the disappearing cars and begging them not to leave her behind. It seemed as if she had severed the last connection with her past, her girlhood life, but in a flash her spirits were up again and she turned quickly as some one touched her on the arm.

"Miss Caruthers?" said a pleasant voice, and Marion saw before her a middle-aged man with bare head.

"Yes, I'm she," she smiled back at him.

"I'm Thompson, the principal of the school where you're going to teach." "How nice of you to meet me," she said. "I'm awfully glad you're the principal because I know I'll like you."

"You're very young, Miss Caruthers," he mused, glancing up and down the trim little figure before him.

"Yes, this is my first school," she admitted.

"And to come so far."

"It is a long way, but I've always wanted to see the South so I took my first chance."

"I hope you'll like it; we do. We'll just get home in time for dinner," he continued.

"Dinner?" she gasped. "Why, up home we always have dinner at 6 o'clock."

Professor Thompson looked a shade uncomfortable for a second, but he managed to say lightly:

"We're just ordinary folks down here. Guess you'll have to make allowances."

Mrs. Thompson met Marion at the door and gave her a warm welcome.

"So glad to see you, dear. Are you very tired? How do you like our

country? Dinner's just ready. I'll show you your room so you can take off your things."

When Mrs. Thompson came back down stairs she and her husband had a hurried word in the hall.

"Isn't she attractive?" said Mrs. Thompson. "What lovely eyes and such a quick infectious smile."

"Yes; but I'm afraid she's too young to manage children in a country high school. Had absolutely no experience."

Their comments were cut short by the entrance of Marion and they all hurried into the dining-room.

"Biscuits!" said Marion quizzically at the dinner table. "Up North we have bread-bake Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"I'm sorry we have none," said the professor quietly.

"And you serve string beans with pork," Marion went on in amazement. "I never saw that before."

By the time the meal was over Mrs. Thompson felt that somehow her well-cooked dinner had fallen short of the mark. It was very disappointing—she had worked so hard.

The following day school began and Marion was busy all the rest of the week getting things organized in her classroom.

"You know," she said to Professor Thompson that Friday afternoon as they left the building together, "most of the boys and girls I have are old enough to be in the graduation class instead of second year. Up North they would be."

"Perhaps so," he answered patiently. Marion shook her head in discouragement. There were many things she could not quite understand and many more that she could not make them understand. They were nice people and intelligent, but so different.

At the first parent-teachers' meeting she nearly had an open tilt with one or two of the mothers. She just could not make them see. And worst of all, she had a feeling that they were antagonistic toward her and this hurt.

At home she had always been fairly well liked, she admitted to herself as she sat in her room and dabbed at the falling tears. They did not understand her. There was only one person in Pennington who did and he was John Hamilton, the Latin professor.

Fall slipped into winter and the students at Pennington County High pegged away. Marion had enjoyed the Thanksgiving holiday immensely. Professor Hamilton's mother had invited her over for Thanksgiving dinner, after which they had gone on a straw ride

and had supper at a distant inn. It was a jolly crowd. Then there were two dances and Marion had made a decided hit each night. Still she did not feel that she was one of them. There was always a slight coolness about these people that was apt to freeze suddenly right in the middle of a conversation, and without a moment's notice. Southern people were nice, but queer—so queer. No doubt about that.

And now spring had come again and soon Marion would be going back home, and for some peculiar reason she was not sure that she was glad. She had made a success of her teaching and Professor Thompson had been unstinted in his praise of her work.

The parent-teachers' decided to give a parting banquet in honor of themselves and to commemorate a most successful year's work. Marion put on her best evening dress and looked her stunningest as she sat beside Professor Thompson at the long table.

Mrs. Burton rose and began to make a speech:

"This banquet," she said, "is in honor of Miss Caruthers. Everything on the table has been prepared by a northern woman we coaxed over from Delton and the recipes all came out of a northern cook book. We wanted just once to do something down South as they do it up North, and—"

"Oh, forgive me," interrupted Marion jumping up. "I see it all now, but I never realized how needless it was. That's what's been the matter. What a little beast I've been! Would it help to make amends now if I tell you I love the South and the people and the cooking and everything, and I did so want them to love me? If you ever hear me say 'up North' again, I hope you'll run me out of the county. That's what I deserve, anyway."

Flushed and breathless, she dropped into her chair again.

"Yes, I'm certain Miss Caruthers feels every word she's said about liking the South and all that," said Professor Hamilton rising, "because she—she's going to marry a down souther—she's going to marry me!"

"Jack, you—I never—"

But the rest was lost in a round of applause and the banquet table was almost upset as the crowd rushed forward to congratulate the happy couple, while Professor Hamilton congratulated himself on his brilliant coup d'état.

ANTICS THAT CAUSE DISTRUST

Physical Peculiarities Small in Themselves Are Apt to Jar on Nerves of Other People.

The other day a man missed a \$500-a-year job. That because when he was seated in his prospective employer's room he crossed his legs and swung his right foot backward and forward incessantly. A nervous antic, unconsciously done, and too much for the nerves of the other man.

Strangely enough, the next applicant had an antic, says London Answers. As he answered questions the fingers of his right hand played a tattoo on the back of his left hand. And he missed the job. True, he might not have got it in any case, as his qualifications were feeble, but the tattoo was the deciding factor.

Some people blink. It annoys, it antagonizes. A blinker conveys the impression that he or she is a person of indecision.

Others frown. It may be just an outward sign of mental concentration, but it antagonizes. A frown, too, leaves unattractive lines on the face.

Watch your smiles. Don't rub your nose; don't scratch your head; don't swing your feet; don't tattoo with your fingers. These things are really due to lack of control. This is a very generation, and if you get on people's nerves you won't get on in the world. Antics antagonize.

TALKING COST HER THRONE

Ancient Record Tells of High Position Woman Forfeited by Wagging Tongue Too Freely.

The great fault of women of the Middle ages was their talkativeness, one might glean from the records of that time. The Knight of La Tour-Landry, in a book which he wrote for the instruction of his motherless daughters, tells how an English king sent an ambassador to choose a wife for him from among the daughters of the king of Denmark. Though the oldest was the fairest, "she winked off and spoke before she understood what was said to her, and never beat her eyelids together," and was therefore rejected by the ambassador, as was the second daughter who had "marvelous much knowledge." The third, who was less fair, but better behaved received the crown, to her own astonishment and that of her sisters.

Another tale of the old knight's tells of a young lady whose face was blue by reason of the scandal of the scandalous day, and was rejected in favor of a less comely sister who was warmly clad and ruddy of hue.

One Meaning Excellent.

"Anyhow," said little Donald, bringing home his report card, "I got two 'ones' this month—one for spelling and one for study."

Watering Plants.

The successful way for the city dweller to water plants is to put them in the bath tub and pour a quantity of water over them. They should be well soaked, especially the under surface of the leaves, for it is there that the insects are found.

Long Suffering.

Scientists say that this old world of ours hasn't varied more than a second or two since recorded in making its annual trip around the sun. Considering the trouble and turmoil it has carried along, the record is remarkable.

EGYPT OF TODAY IS LITTLE KNOWN

World at Large More Familiar With Civilization of the Days of the Pharaohs.

PEOPLE ARE MUCH THE SAME

Peasant of Today Might Have Stepped From Ancient Carving—Now Has First King Since the Ptolemaic Regime.

Washington, D. C.—King Fuad succeeds Cleopatra.

"When Great Britain abandoned its protectorate over Egypt, and the Sultan of the Nile country changed his title to king, he became the first king of Egypt since the Ptolemaic regime," says a bulletin issued from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"The old Egypt of millenniums ago is in many ways more familiar to the world at large than the Egypt of today," continues the bulletin. "Pictures of its great pyramids and sphinxes, its columned temples and rock-hewn tombs fill histories and encyclopedias; and inevitably the reader's attention is centered, not on the problems of today, but rather on the evidences of a dead civilization."

"But aside from the fact that mummy hunting was for many years one of the leading private industries of the country, and that now convicts, instead of building roads, excavate tombs and temples for the government, the old monuments are merely a background for a life hard enough to center local thoughts mostly on daily bread-winning."

"Superficially Egypt seems a large country. The eye sees its color spread over a considerable part of the north-eastern quarter of the map of Africa, and statistics credit it with an area of more than 350,000 square miles. But the real Egypt—the habitable part—is like a cord with a frayed end; the narrow valley and fertile delta of the Nile. Except a few scattered oases, most of the rest of the nominal Egypt is parched desert sand, gravel and rocky hills. Of its more than a third of a million square miles of territory, about 12,000 are estimated to be capable of cultivation, and considerable part of this has not yet been tilled."

Peasant Like Figure From Carvings.

"In comparing the Egypt of today with that of the dawn of history one is divided between wonder at the marked changes on the surface and the lack of change in some fundamentals. The Egyptian of today does not speak his old tongue, but instead, Arabic; his old gods are forgotten, and he has—with the exception of a small minority—adopted the religion of Mohammed. But in spite of numerous invasions, the blood of the great majority of the population has been altered hardly at all. Practically the pharaohs, or peasants, might have stepped from the ancient carvings; they are but a fresh generation of the men who dragged the great blocks of stone into place to build the artificial mountains of the Pharaohs."

"Egypt's resources are almost wholly agricultural, and in the agricultural scheme the millions of fellahs are the ultimate units. They work long hours scratching the soil with crude implements, or tediously raising water in skin buckets attached to pivoted poles that the thin stream may save their plants from parching. Taxes are heavy, and it is the lowly fellah who keeps the treasury supplied."

"There is little cause to marvel at Egypt's checkered history. A simple reason is that she began early. Here is one of the earliest places in which man lived an ordered life and left records of his activities."

"After the long reign of the Pharaohs Egypt had its Grecian and Roman regimes which brought but few changes. Then in 641 A. D. came the invasion of the Saracens, from which time began Egypt's Mohammedan history. For a time the country was a province of the Arabian Caliphs; later it was independent, though still Mohammedan, under the Mamelukes; and finally, in 1516, it became a province of Turkey, which controlled it first through a governor and later through a sort of hereditary viceroy or khedive."

Khedive-Sultan-King.

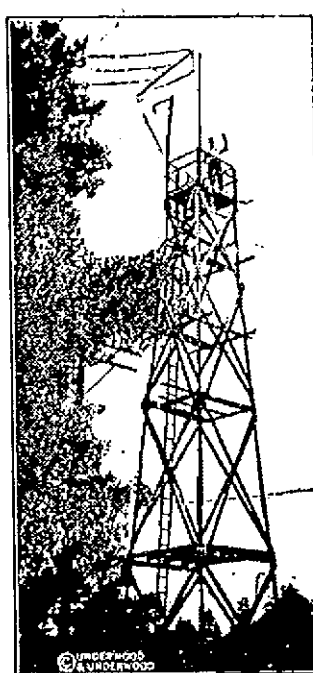
"For the third time Europe took a hand in the affairs of Egypt in 1798 when Napoleon won his battle of the Pyramids. The British drove the French out in 1801 and turned the country back to Turkey. In 1869 came the building of the Suez canal by De Lesseps, which has given Europe an ever-growing interest in Egyptian affairs. To protect European bondholders France and Great Britain made a joint intervention in 1879 and for a while controlled finances. The uprising of 1882 against the khedive was suppressed by the British alone, and after that they controlled finances without assistance. The government was in effect Egyptian with British assistance and with the nominal suzerainty of Turkey acknowledged."

"When the World War began Great Britain established a protectorate, abolished Turkey's suzerainty, deposed the Germanophile khedive, and appointed another prince of the family to be sultan. The British protectorate is now being withdrawn, but instead of the former Turkish interest being restored, Egypt is set up as an independent kingdom."

Thumbs Down.

In the gladiatorial combats which took place in ancient Rome a wounded man would sometimes call for mercy by holding up his forefinger. The spectators would thereupon either wave their handkerchiefs in token of mercy, or condemn him to death by holding out their clenched fist with the thumbs down.

YOUTHFUL RADIO EXPERT



John Pringle, fourteen-year-old Chicago high school boy, has one of the best equipped radio outfits in the city of Chicago, and, to make it more interesting, he constructed his own plant even down to the batteries. He even constructed a machine for charging his batteries, and long before the present radio "craze" swept the country, was giving his boy friends opera concerts for five and ten cents. The photo shows the 60-foot radio tower which young Pringle erected with the aid of several of his school chums.

TALK TO VENUS, SAYS SAVANT

Mars Is Dead; Try the Planet of Love, Is the Advice of a Prominent Swedish Astronomer.

Stockholm.—The planet Mars, an old dying world, is receiving altogether too much attention from earthly scientists these days and nights, while the up-and-coming young planet Venus is just waiting for a chance to know us better.

This is the conclusion of Professor Svante Arrhenius, Nobel prize winner and one of Europe's foremost scientists and astronomers, who lectured here on the prospect of wheedling from the heavens the secrets of some of our celestial neighbors, and especially Mars, when that planet swings into closest proximity to the earth two years hence.

If scientists and long-distance radio fans really want to communicate with some celestial neighbor, Professor Arrhenius said, they will not find Mars very cordial, for the old fellow is dead. He described as "fantastic" the belief that so-called canals observed on the planet were the work of engineers and attributed them to earthquake fissures.

Venus, on the other hand, offers potential possibilities to the patient astronomer, Professor Arrhenius declared. At the expiration of a billion years he thought a flourishing colony of intelligent beings might be discovered on the bright little planet.

"When the earth is extinguished," he concluded, "it will be Venus, queen of the heavens, that will take over the role as carrier of culture."

FRENCH 'TIGER' ENDS GRUDGE

Clemenceau Forgives and Wins Sculptor He Sent to Prison Many Years Ago.

Blarritz.—Former Premier Clemenceau, after the unveiling of the statue of King Edward VII of England here the other day, requested to be introduced to the sculptor.

"You have real talent," the Tiger said. "Is any of your work in the public museums?"

"No," replied the artist, "but there is a bust made by me in the collection at La Santé prison. Owing to my extremist ideas it is the only museum my country ever opened for me. Here is a photograph of the work in question."

Clemenceau took the photograph, laughed aloud, slapped the sculptor on the shoulder and said: "I suppose we were a pair of fools then."

The photograph represented a head of Clemenceau sticking on a spear. Maxime Real del Sarte, the sculptor, a militant royalist in his youth, had become involved in some public manifestation and Clemenceau, then minister of the interior, had him sent to La Santé for six months.

YAWNED NECK OUT OF PLACE

Rochester Dentist a Bit Too Strenuous in Relaxing Exercise.

Rochester, N. Y.—Dr. David N. Martin, a local practicing dentist and a graduate of last year's class of the dental school, University of Buffalo, is recovering from the effects of a dislocated vertebrae in his neck, suffered several days ago when he stretched himself too strenuously and took an extra relaxing yawn. Doctor Martin was treated at a hospital here, but was permitted to go to his home, where he is continuing treatment.

Doctor Martin, in flexing his muscles a few days ago, twisted his head too much to one side and in so doing the atlas and axis vertebrae moved from their normal places, causing the dislocation, according to the record at the hospital.

Stringing Him.

The man who is entirely wrapped up in himself carries a mighty small package.—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WAS STRONG CITY

Excavations Show That Jericho Was Well Defended.

Remarkable Resemblance Between Its Fortifications and Those Discovered by Schliemann at Troy.

New excavations of recent times have had results of more interesting nature than those on the site of ancient Jericho, which lies to the east of Jerusalem and but a few miles north of the Dead sea. They have revealed that the Jews had every right to be proud of their capture of the Canaanite fortress, which was most remarkable in its day for strength against an attacking army, says the Curator.

Ten years ago there stood at a distance of a mile and a half from the modern Jericho a huge oval mound, known as Tell es Sultan, about 400 yards long by 150 yards at its greatest breadth, and rising from 40 to 50 feet above the level of the surrounding plain, with a few smaller mounds standing on the top.

Professor Bellia began work on this, aided by the Austro-Hungarian government. He unearthed a tremendous surrounding wall and part of the interior of the town, including the citadel within the northern end of the oval. The outer wall proved to consist of three parts. The lowest section was a solid natural rock foundation, with a few feet of loam and gravel on it. On this was built a stone wall about 16 feet high, the two lower courses being of enormous blocks, in some cases as large as 6 feet by 8, while in the subsequent ones the stones grow gradually less in size. The stone wall itself also diminishes in thickness as it ascends, being 8 feet at its base. The top section is of mud brick which reaches now to a height of about 8 feet, but many originally have been considerably higher. Towers of mud brick project at intervals around the whole enclosure.

Such a fortification must indeed have been difficult to capture, especially as in the central tier of the wall the spaces between the blocks were filled with smaller stones as a protection against the besiegers' tools. The builders were very skillful craftsmen.

Those who have examined both the remains of Jericho and Troy find strong resemblances between the walls just described and those of the "second city" discovered by Professor Schliemann at Troy, and it is suggested that the architects had something in common or learned from the same masters.

The citadel at Jericho is hardly less interesting than the outer fortifications. Its walls are built in much the same way, but they are double, with a space of 11 to 12 feet behind them. Two towers rise at the two northern angles. Within is "a perfect warren of small houses," with only a single thoroughfare among them, as is the case with many eastern bazars of today. These houses, of which one is in a very fair state of preservation, seem to be later in date than the city walls and to belong to the period after the Jewish capture of the place.

The Canaanites, between the Seventh and Fourteenth centuries B. C., erected the walls and probably the greater part, if not all, of the citadel; but the Jews, while utilizing the shell, remodeled the interior.

A thorough examination of the finds, however, indicated that little is to be learned of Jericho after its fall before the army of Joshua. Two interesting points came out—one, that much Egyptian pottery was in use; the other, that under the floors of some of the houses were earthenware jars, containing the bodies of infants.

The "and which" composed the mound of Tell es Sultan has had an excellent preservative effect, and now that much of it has been cleared away it is possible to realize vividly how imposing a place Jericho must have once looked from the plain for miles around.

Shakespeare and Petrarch.

Printing had not been invented in Petrarch's day, and it was nearly a hundred years later, in 1740, that a very fine first edition was brought out in Venice, in Roman letters on 180 leaves. One of these has just been sold in London for £270 (\$1,350). Historically interesting and of beautiful workmanship as it is, it lacks the artistic splendor of the illuminated manuscript set with miniatures, like precious stones, which was sold for £700 (\$3,500) in the first Thompson-Yates sale, belonging to an earlier century.

The interest of Petrarch is twofold. He was not merely among the greatest luminaries of medieval Europe, he was an inexhaustible mine for the later genius of Shakespeare; and it was upon the translations in English and French of the Petrarchian sonnet that Shakespeare modeled his own.

Grasshopper Feet.

Adult human beings are rarely seen to skip and hop. It is, however, a form of exercise in which children are wont to indulge. Encouragement of this form of exercise is offered by the novel invention of a woman, May C. Southgate, of New York. It is a pair of mechanical grasshoppers to be worn on the feet. The grasshoppers, of giant size, are put on like a pair of shoes, and fastened by straps and buckles to the child's feet. They have legs of spring steel, terminating in rings which hold rubber feet. A child equipped with these grasshoppers can hop, skip or jump much quicker, while the rubber feet lessen the shock of alighting.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Rosary.

The word "rosary" is derived from the Latin "rosarium," which was originally a garland of roses and used to crown the image of the Virgin Mary. As a rosary in its present use it was instituted in honor of the Virgin by St. Dominic.

HAS SEEN GREAT CHANGES

Venerable Cigar Store Indian Witness of Remarkable Period of the Earth's Progress.

An Indian girl who has stood on sentimental duty in front of a cigar store in Bellefontaine for almost half a century has witnessed other women adopt the customs of the original Americans of painting their faces. But the Indian maiden never used a lipstick, says the correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Folks who graduated from Bellefontaine high school 30 years ago and who have seen a life-size figure in wood of an American Indian standing in front of a cigar store in West Columbus avenue since their earliest remembrance, express wonder today at the good state of preservation of this representative of the first Americans.

How old she is is not thoroughly established. W. E. Stokes, owner of the cigar store where the Indian makes her headquarters, recalls that the Indian was already in Bellefontaine when Albert Bodey came there in 1870, and engaged in the tobacco business. A visitor to Bellefontaine last summer told Mr. Stokes, who is the successor in business of Mr. Bodey, that his father was the only man in the United States who ever made these once popular tobacco store signs and that from the style of this figure he estimated this one was manufactured during the '80s. The cost at that time, he said, was \$400.

In all the time the Indian has stood on guard in Bellefontaine she has moved but once. That was from one side of the street to the other.

But while she has remained stationary the world has moved on. There were no telephones, no electric lights, no street cars in Bellefontaine when she first began sentinel duty. Automobiles were not thought of and she was an object of much concern to shy horses who happened to be hitched in front of the store where her gaudy palat attracted attention.

In that early day Indians were the only human beings who painted their faces. While this Indian has been on duty she has seen popular taste in smokes change from "two-fers" to cigarettes. She has witnessed the once despised cigarette come into its own—even into the mouths of prominent people, including long-whiskered granddads and fair debutantes. She has seen the plug and fine cut tobacco have a rival in "scraps."

She has seen the sidewalk where she stands swept by the long trains of dresses and now she witnesses the flappers who wear their skirts well above the tops of their high shoes.

How Royalty Once Dined.

Occasionally we find moderation among royalty. Catherine II of Russia did not care for elaborate cooking. Her favorite dish was salted cucumber and boiled beef; her pet drink, water and gooseberry sirup. Have you a little gooseberry bush in your back yard? Charles XII of Sweden was often satisfied with bread and butter and Joseph II of Austria with omelets and hard bread.

But do you know what the Polish King Stanislaus did? He asked "O'Dair" in the "Milwaukee Sentinel." He ordered his knees to be pinched alive and then whipped to death! Richard the Second employed 2,000 cooks. Henry VIII was once "pleased with the flavor of a new pudding" that he gave the inventor a dukedom. More startling facts! The household expenditure of James I was \$100,000 a year. The Danish King Christian VII was called "Swine-herd." The duchess of Orleans told us that once the king Louis XIV. "lost four plates of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plate of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two slices of ham, a dish of pastry, in addition to fruit and sweetmeats." But Stanislaus had nothing on former Emperor Venezaus, who once punished a cook who sent him an ill-dressed canon by roasting him on a spit before his own fire.

The Charm of Bad Acting.

And what is the secret of the paradox? The secret, very simply, is that bad acting often enchants, by virtue of its very artlessness, where highly proficient acting leaves one cold. Acting that lacks sound artistic design is, in this, much like some ugly old easy chair. It has much of the cozy ease and agreeable friendliness that a beautiful, stiff Sheraton lacks.

If acting is an art at all, it is the baby art. And, like a baby, sophistication is, or should be, relevantly a stranger to it. Acting that is polished to the last degree is like a butter-distinguishably lifeless. Mankind is itself a bad and fitful actor. Imitations of mankind upon the stage should have all of mankind's flaws, weaknesses, crudities and mistakes.—George Jean Nathan in Judge.

Should Be Ashamed of Himself.

At the time of the Indianapolis race case hearing Frank Wampler was placed on the witness stand. That evening the Indianapolis News came out with the heading, "Wampler on Stand in Phone Hearing."

Robert, the young son of French Ragsdale, secretary of the chamber of commerce, Frankfort, Ind., read this aloud to his father, and then expressed himself as follows:

"What's the guy standing around at the phone listenin' for?"—Indianapolis News.

Amended Quotation.

"All the world's a stage," quoted the constituent.

"It's more like a screen," said Senator Burgham. "The camera men have been so enterprising that some of us state-men begin to look like motion picture actors."

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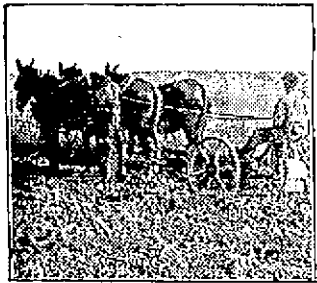
SOLVING PROBLEM OF PROFITABLE ALFALFA

Of Advantage to Market Roughage Through Stock.

Suggested to Farmer That He Discard Practice of Marketing His Hay and Feed It to Good Grade of Dairy Cattle.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farmers on some of the reclamation projects where alfalfa hay is a cash crop will find it to their advantage to change their practice and market this roughage through live stock, says the office of western irrigation agriculture of the United States Department of Agriculture. On the Newlands project in Nevada the recent prices for alfalfa hay have been \$9 to \$9.50 a ton f. o. b. cars, which nets the farmers about \$5 or \$8 a ton at the stock. Although these prices are considered fairly good at present, figures collected recently on the cost of production go to show that when the farmer is unable to get more than



Cutting Alfalfa.

\$8 a ton at the stock there is a net loss. Indications are that \$7 a ton is nearer the cost of production, and this does not include any labor income for the farmer.

In order that the farmer may make a fair income on these alfalfa lands, it is suggested that he discard the practice of shipping off his hay and start feeding it to a good grade of dairy cows or to some other kind of live stock, particularly cattle and sheep.

Many farmers in this section have already demonstrated that live stock will solve the problem of making alfalfa profitable. The use of live stock keeps up the fertility of the soil and provides concentrated products that do not have to bear such heavy freight costs.

BENEFITS IN GROWING SEEDS

One Must Be Plant Expert to Be Successful and Vast Amount of Labor Is Required.

Prof. Paul Work of Cornell, speaking on better seeds and how to obtain them, said there were many advantages in growing seed. One knows the percentage of his own seed, and if he grows his own seed and does it well he can turn a profit from the sale of the surplus; but you have got to be a plant expert and it requires a vast amount of labor and care to grow good seeds. It was his opinion that the bulk of the seeds would come from seedmen; that men in the seed business are spending thousands of dollars to get good seed, while others were giving the matter of quality little attention, preferring to sell the cheaper seed regardless of quality.

FIRST CULTIVATION OF CORN

As Soon as Plants Are Above Surface Land Should Be Stirred—Deeper Tillage Permitted.

Much will depend upon early cultivation of corn. Here is where "a stitch in time saves nine." As soon as the plants are above the surface the land should be stirred, usually. Unless no rain has fallen do not fail to start the cultivators as soon as you can tell the rows by the young plants. If no heavy rains have come since planting it might be well to wait a while for a rain.

The first cultivation of corn will permit deeper tillage than later when the brace roots develop. But care must be taken not to "throw much dirt" as the plants are easily covered and injured by the freshly plowed soil.

FIRM SEEDBED IS NECESSARY

To Hasten Germination of Grass Seed Field Should Be Rolled After Harrowing.

A firm seedbed is necessary to hasten germination of grass seed. The field should be dragged or rolled after disking and harrowing in order that the subsurface be firm and compact. The surface should be left in a mellow condition but not smooth as it may bake and become crusted before the seed germinates.

CHEAP FEED FOR WINTERING COWS

Experts Favor Corn Silage and Wheat Straw With Hay or Cottonseed Meal.

EXPENSE OF RAISING CALVES

Experiments Conducted in Blue-Grass Regions of Appalachian Mountains in West Virginia—Rations Used for Cattle.

(Prepared by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

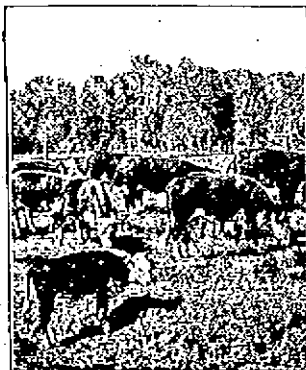
Corn silage and wheat straw with either mixed hay, soy-bean hay or cottonseed meal is a much cheaper ration for wintering beef-breeding cows than shock corn, mixed hay and wheat straw as tried out in feeding experiments recently carried on by E. W. Sheets and H. H. Tucker of the bureau of animal industry, and described in Department Bulletin 1024, "Feeding Experiments With Grade Beef Cows Raising Calves," which has just been issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. The work described in the bulletin has to do with the advantages of certain practices, the economy of a number of rations and the cost of raising calves to weaning age. It applies to the blue-grass region of the Appalachian mountains, a region that furnishes most of the grass-finished beef for the Eastern markets.

Conditions Similar in Other States. The farm on which the feeding was done is in the southeastern part of West Virginia, but the conditions there are similar to those in parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky and Tennessee. The conclusions also apply in part to other nearby regions.

The rations used for the four lots of cows were: Corn silage, mixed hay and wheat straw; corn silage, soy-bean hay and wheat straw; corn silage, cottonseed meal and wheat straw; and shock corn, mixed hay and wheat straw. As mentioned in the first paragraph, corn silage and wheat straw, with either mixed hay, soy-bean hay or cottonseed meal, is a cheaper ration than shock corn, mixed hay and wheat straw for wintering beef cows. As the cows fed on the mixed hay and soy-bean rations produced a larger calf crop than those fed the cottonseed meal, the average cost per head of raising their calves was practically 8 per cent less. As sources of protein, mixed hay and soy-bean hay, where they are grown successfully, have additional advantages in that they can be raised on the farm, while cottonseed meal must be purchased.

Cost of Raising Calves.

Actual costs of raising calves vary with the time and locality, but by a



Cattle on West Virginia Pasture.

study of the tables in this bulletin any farmer in this blue-grass region may determine with considerable accuracy what it will cost him to grow feeder calves to the weaning age. The bulletin should be studied in connection with Department Bulletin 1042, "Effect of Winter Rations on Pasture Cows of Calves." Address the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

CLOVER BEST FOR ROTATION

Good Plan to Keep Soil Supplied With Necessary Humus—Also Furnishes Cash Crop.

A two-year rotation of wheat, clover pasture and back to wheat keeps the soil supplied with humus and nitrogen. A three-year rotation may be of wheat, clover, pasture, corn. Clover pasture also keeps the land in good condition and returns a cash crop two years out of three. If a seed crop of clover is harvested, then each crop in this rotation becomes a cash money crop. In addition to the regular crop profits, we have the pasture, and the soil improvement as extras.

SELECT VEGETABLE VARIETY

Should Be of Highest Quality, Adapted to Soil and Region and Disease Resistant.

The gardener should choose the vegetable variety of highest quality that will mature within his season, be productive, adapted to his soil, resistant to disease, and have an attractive appearance when ready for the table. The list to choose from is long and the gardener should, if possible, be governed by his own or his neighbors' experiences.

Real Measure of Worth.

The whole world does not revolve around any man—only a small portion of it. When a man undertakes to make himself the center of a larger portion, he must show himself worthy. Worth today is measured by service to fellow men, not by dollars.

THE PARIS GOWNS

Fashion Hints From France Be Used to Advantage.

Many Embroideries Used on Afternoon and Evening Dresses—Suits Also Embroidered in Places.

Dresses from Paris have so many fine points of distinction that it is interesting to follow their devious and various ways, observes a Paris fashion writer in the New York Times. Perhaps the silhouette does remain practically the same, but that only increases the expression of loveliness of detail.

From many of the French gowns, which are perhaps too exaggerated or too elaborate for actual American wear, one can derive hints and notes that only go to make one's own gowns more beautiful.

There are many embroideries on all the French gowns, both those for afternoon and those for evening wear. Even the suits are embroidered in places.



Gown of Plain and Printed Chiffon.

In fact, this is the trimming, above all others, which the French have decided to use for the adornment of the spring gowns.

For evening, there are numberless crystal embroidered motifs, and many of these are being used on all-white gowns, while others are placed in conjunction with very brilliantly colored chiffons and crepes and satins.

The girdles and waistline arrangements continue to be important features, and whenever the gown is quite plain it is bound to have some embroidered motif placed at the waistline in some spot, even when the trimming does not extend all the way around.

The necklines here, as a rule, are rounded and are trimmed with scalloped collars finished with rows of knots. These are extremely youthful arrangements which have a strong appeal for those of a more youthful type. Many of the sleeves end at a point just below the elbow. Often the long and wide sleeves are faced with brightly contrasting colors of silk, and some of them are cut in two long points to resemble the shaping of a swallow's tail.

CREPE DE CHINE FOR LINING

Material Much in Demand for Use in Suits and Coats; Silver and Tan Colors.

From the point of view of the silk market, crepe de chine appears to be very important, for both coat and suit linings. Buying is said to be spasmodic, and of a hand-to-mouth character, but a source of some satisfaction to the trade, as compared with the dress silk business.

Colors wanted in crepe de chine and other fabrics are almost exclusively silver and tan. This latter shade embraces a range from bisque to the tanish browns, and takes in shades like Long Beach, meadow lark, peanut, putty and others in that range.

This bears out the assertions of manufacturers who, while showing high-colored linings in their model garments, report their being ordered in the plain shades mentioned above. High-colored silk linings are being used in three-piece costume suits mostly, when the upper part of frocks are of the same silk.

Panel and Eyelet Inserts.

A showing of summer frocks features handkerchief linen and organdy with panels and inserts of eyelet embroidery. The frocks are in the pastel shades and white and on them rich and heavy eyelet embroidery is most effective. Lace insets and panels, as well as lace-trimmed girdles and flounces, also are to be noted. Except that often the sleeves are a mere pretense and the waistline remains long, these frocks and eyelet-embroidered frocks are a link back to the summer gowns of by-gone days.

The traditional Chinese social system recognized four main classes below the priest-emperor, of which the first was the literary class. In the time of Confucius the education of the literary class included what was known as the six accomplishments—archery, horsemanship, rites, music, history and mathematics.

NEW STUNNING SPORT MODEL



This winsome new sport model is made more attractive by the addition of linen collars and cuffs edged with black taffeta. The costume is in brown tulle. The cap falls in points on either side and ties are fringed, as is the bottom of the skirt.

ORNAMENTS FOR THE GOWNS

Original Trimmings Featured by Majority of the French Dress-makers; Many Beads Used.

The matter of trimmings, even in a trimmingsless season, is something that concerns the Parisian dress-makers most sincerely. For, whatever they are or wherever they are placed, they must be perfectly done. And it is these touches which ravish us as we see them appearing on the new French frocks. They are so very original and so inspiring to the creation of dress in this country, no matter what may be said to the contrary.

There are loads of steel beads—small beads they are called. There are little rows of corrugated trimmings—that is, ribbons and narrow pieces of silk either to match the dress in color or to contrast with it in some way.

Egyptian handings in the way of girdles or belts are made up from the lushest of handings and embroideries. On a blue serge dress there is a stunning girdle of Egyptian red.

There are many fringes seen upon the more dressy gowns, and any amount of crystal beads have been imposed upon the surfaces of the more formal wearing apparel. In fact, each designer is trying, it seems, as far as possible to make use of the gown's own material in the making of trimmings, and when that contingency fails they resort to some spangled or some embroidered ornament, to make the gown more notable.

DRESSES FOR THE KIDDIES

Dotted Swiss and Pongee Are Among the Favorite Materials for the Little Folks.

For very little folk, ranging from two to six-year sizes, dotted swiss and pongee are two well-liked fabrics.

Dotted swiss, either in white with pastel colored dots or darker shades, like red or brown, speckled in white, appears with marked frequency. In the lighter colored numbers a popular mode of embellishment is the stitching in colored mercerized threads matching the color of the dots, forming yokes. One dress noted in brown, dotted in white, was trimmed with rows of insertion and edging of fine lace, insuring the laundering possibilities of the frock.

Striped handkerchief linen or dimity, in rather broad and bold stripes, also appear in the group for small people. When these stripes are selected for the fabric, the choice is invariably for tucked devices.

In the pongees, worsted embroideries are the favorite usage, forming yokes and accenting pocket contrivances.

FLOWER APPLIQUES FOR TRIM

Dainty, Old-Fashioned Bouquet, With Lace Paper, Edges, Now Adorns the Blouse.

The dainty, old-fashioned bouquet with its lace paper edges that experienced such a revival in the trimming of handmade handkerchiefs now comes to adorn the blouse. Sometimes the flowers are of wool and sometimes of fabric or a cluster of both with the lace paper imitated by a frill of three-fourths inch Valenciennes. Here the corsage is, of course, much larger and is properly posed at the waistline of the blouse.

In other flower trims on blouses, all sorts of fabrics and manipulations are used, from twists of self-material on crepe de chine, made into bunchy flower motifs, to flat overlapping layers of pleated-edged organdy, which is often used on silk blouses.

Colors in Millinery.

Millinery colors stress bright red, American Beauty and almond green. Taupe, sage and periwinkle are also popular.

Safety First.

"There is no chance of my ever judging the wrong man insane," says a Topeka alienist. "Whenever I am called in an insanity case I always have some one point the patient out to me before I make the examination."—Topeka Capital.

HOW

DIVERS OF FUTURE MAY BE SUPPLIED WITH AIR.

—Hose for conducting air from the surface to the diver under the water has always been considered indispensable. An elaborate system of pumps operated either on land or in boats has been necessary to force fresh air continuously through a great length of hose to the man below the surface. Not long ago, however, it was announced that some inventive genius had conceived and it is said, put into successful operation a device which it is thought will do away with the old apparatus for diving once the new system is perfected.

By the new method the diver carries on his back two steel bottles containing highly compressed oxygen. Another cylinder contains chemicals for absorbing the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs. A system of piping carries all the impure air breathed out to a chamber containing the absorbing chemical. In this compartment the carbonic acid gas is entirely eliminated. A small amount of oxygen, just enough to renew the air, is added to the changed and regenerated exhalations and passed on to a compartment in the helmet, where it can be inhaled through the nose or the mouth. By this method the vitiated air is continually being made over into new. The inventor contends that his device will do away with the accidents and loss of life which have occasionally occurred through defects in the diving hose or pumping apparatus.

WHY

Ducks Are Enabled to Shed Water From Their Backs

"Like water off a duck's back" is a phrase that we often use, for a duck's back is the most perfect waterproof in the world.

Land birds are soon saturated by a heavy shower of rain. You may see them afterwards fluffing out their feathers so that sun and wind may dry them. But no drop of water can penetrate the plumage of any aquatic bird. Gulls, ducks, grebes, and cormorants dive after food on the bleakest days without getting either wet or cold.

These birds are provided with a natural mackintosh in the shape of a covering of feathers which fit tightly one on top of the other. But their plumage would not remain waterproof if they did not look after it carefully. Every feather must be greased at least once a day if it is to turn the water.

Watch a duck after its bath and you will see the process. The beak is pushed hard into the roots of the feathers, and then brought up to their very tips. Diving birds are provided with special glands which supply the beak with all the grease it needs.

SAYS ANIMALS DO REMEMBER

Why Old Idea Is Wrong Is Proved by Incidents Related by English Writer.

I have read an article in which a trapper denies that animals have a real memory, says a writer in the London Times. He admitted that most of them knew enough to avoid a trap after an experience or two with it, but contended that this was merely a manifestation of the self-preservation instinct.

The same man cited an instance—not at all unfamiliar—of a dog's refusing to hunt with a man who had kicked him. He said that this too was only the instinct of all living creatures to avoid injury.

Animals do have memory—at least some of them do. The trapper's theory would not explain those many evidences of recollection wherein self-preservation plays no part. I once carried a fox-terrier into the house after he had been well-nigh killed by an automobile. His master had just moved into the apartment house, and I had never seen the dog before that day. We moved away two days later, and I did not see the terrier for over four months. Then one day I passed the house—or was about to do so—when out came that dog, wagging his stubby tail. He jumped all over me, in joyful recognition—and memory.

An amusing story, significant on this subject, is told by my father. As a boy he lived on a farm, and was always a close student of animal nature. The mare he usually drove was old and fat, and would never go faster than a walk unless urged. There were two roads to town, one branching off from the other and a little shorter. It had been Old Maud's custom to take this road, of her own volition, until on one occasion a vicious dog barked at her and snapped at her legs. After that the driver had to be on his guard; Maud would speed up when about 50 yards from the turn-off and try to get by it before she could be restrained. This showed not only memory, but a sense for planning.

Why Mirrors Become Clouded.

"These wintry and rainy days are sure tough for me," said the elevator man in an office building.

"How's that?" asked the casual passenger.

"Look at those mirrors on each side of the car," directed the elevator man. "I have to wipe them off about every five minutes. On cold days the feminine nose gets red, and on rainy days—well, the rain washes the powder off their noses. What's the result? Every carload I take up crowds over near these mirrors, takes out the old powder puff and starts doling. There's a bunch of them, you see, and by the time I reach the top floor the mirrors are so clouded with powder they don't reflect a thing."

"Except possibly feminine vanity," observed the casual passenger.

Why Malamute Dogs Are Scarce.

Malamute dogs, the half-wolf, half canine animals known as huskies, are selling in the North at \$100 a piece and up, according to returned hunters and prospectors. When the North is snow-bound and lakes and rivers are locked with ice against navigation, travel is almost exclusively by dog-sled. The lowest price at which dogs can be obtained is \$100 each, according to advice. First-class animals, such as crack "mushers" prize themselves on keeping, are hard to get at any price, and when obtainable cost several hundred dollars, or as much as a good horse in the South. Scarcity of dogs, it is said, is due to the neglect of breeding stock by the Indians.

Why the Turkey Died.

Mr. Smart did not allow his debtors much time to discharge their liabilities, and he had the effrontery to call on a customer for the collection of a bill on Christmas day. "I have called," he began, "to ascertain when you intend to pay me the cash you owe?"

"Well, sir," replied the debtor, who was enjoying his Christmas dinner, "I am at the end of my resources; in fact, I have nothing to pay anyone, and I can see grim poverty staring me in the face."

"That being so, I fail to see why you should be enjoying the turkey," a turkey," added the creditor angrily.

"Alas," said the debtor mournfully, "it couldn't afford its keep."

Making Life Livable.

Somebody may always be taking the joy out of life, yet could not easily do so if more people were engaged in putting joy into life. To make life livable we must meet and overcome every influence whose tendency is to destroy human contentment and happiness.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 25, 1822

Henry Bull offers for sale at his store, 128 Thames Street, next south of the Mercury office, New England rum, made by the subscriber, a few barrels first quality Albany Ale, Also wood, lumber, flag and curb stone, salt pork, 40 barrels Taunton Gin, 40,000 Superfine Alexandria cigars, 200 barrels Superfine flour, salt pork, window glass, and a general assortment of groceries. (That assortment ought to be sufficient to satisfy the taste of everybody.)

Cleared last evening, Brig Perseverence, Elliott, for coast of Africa; arrived ship George & Mary of this port, 60 days from the coast of Patagonia with 500 barrels whale and 28 blis. sperm oil. (In those days nine-tenths the oil brought to this country was brought in vessels belonging to Newport and New Bedford, mostly from this port.)

Died in this town on Monday last Mr. James Boone. While erecting a stage on a building, he fell from a ladder and instantly expired. Early in life he took an active part in the cause of his country, which terminated in her independence. He was one of the founders of the 4th Baptist Church in this town.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 25, 1872

Next Tuesday being Election Day, His Excellency will be received in due and ancient form and with all the honors due his exalted station on his arrival from Providence Monday afternoon. The usual parade will be formed under the direction of Sheriff Tilley, J. A. Col. Augustus P. Sherman will command the line. At the organization of the General Assembly the next day Rev. S. Adams will act as chaplain of the senate and Rev. D. P. Leavitt of the house.

At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Masons in Providence on Monday, John Myers of this city was made Grand Junior Deacon. Wm. J. Greene of Providence was made Grand Organist. (Which position he still holds and is the only one of the entire list of officers now living.)

Memorial Day, which comes next Monday, will be observed with more than usual ceremony. Hon. William P. Sheffield will be orator of the day and Rev. S. C. Hill, the chaplain.

Edward W. Read of this city a short time ago sued Stephen Maine for charging him with setting fire, in 1868, to a mill he leased in Connecticut. The case was tried in Westerly, Wm. P. Sheffield, plaintiff's attorney, and a verdict was rendered for Read for the sum of \$650.

Capt. Kidd's buried treasures have been found again, this time in New Jersey. Two men digging on a farm near Cape May unearthed a chest of coins which they declare has the noted pirate's name on it. That settles it.

Phoebe Schofield of Richmond, Ind., aged one hundred and nine years, has obtained from the government \$10,000, being the arrears of pay and pension due her husband for services performed in the Revolutionary War.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 29, 1897

Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., left here on the three o'clock train Thursday afternoon for their long looked for trip to Boston as the guests of Joseph Warren Commandery. This is a return visit to one that Joseph Warren made here some years ago. Eminent Commander Henry C. Stevens, Jr., was in command. The Sir Knights of Washington were most highly entertained during their two days' visit.

Minneola Council, No. 3, held a very enjoyable social at their wigwag on Tuesday evening. Dancing was in order with Mr. B. F. Downing for prompter.

Mr. George Lawton died suddenly at the residence of his brother, Mr. Lewis Lawton, where he was calling, on Tuesday morning. His death was entirely unexpected and was a great shock to his relatives and his hosts of friends in this city. He leaves but one son, Mr. Henry H. Lawton. The funeral took place Thursday afternoon. The bearers were Messrs. George P. Lawton, Gorton Anderson, Thomas Aylsworth, William J. Underwood, John Howard and James H. Hammett.

Hon. Thomas Coggeshall has returned from an extended trip to New York and St. Louis.

Mr. John H. Tompkins, father of Mrs. E. A. Brown of this city, died Saturday evening at his home in Little Compton after a brief illness. He was 68 years of age and one of the best known citizens of Newport County. He leaves five children.

In accordance with usual custom Election Day was as wet and stormy as any of its predecessors, but the day was celebrated with more than the usual vigor and the crowds were the biggest ever.

The General Assembly got to work quickly; Hon. J. Edward Studley was elected Speaker, Rev. Mahlon Van Horne was appointed doerkeeper of the House, and John H. Cozzens of the Senate. The pages of the Senate were Robert Curry Benson, Harry R. Landers, Kenneth C. Grant, and Benjamin Reynolds. In the House the pages were Wm. S. Moffitt, Raymond S. Titus, Amasa M. Chase, Archie C. Sherman, John J. Peckham, Jr., John R. Sanborn, Lawrence Goffe, Clarke Brown, Chester Gladding, William L. Northrop and Abner Slocum. In Grand Committee Col. A. C. Landers was re-elected State Auditor, James Anthony High sheriff and Charles E. Harvey clerk of the courts.

Memorial Day exercises will take place next Monday. William S. Bailey will command the line and Col. A. K. McMahon will be the adjutant.

The people of Rhode Island are not in the habit of changing their officials often when they perform their

duties faithfully. Hence the repeated elections of State Auditor Landers, High Sheriff Anthony and Clerk of the Courts Harvey is a merited compliment to long and faithful service.

The Newport tax rate this year is eleven dollars on a thousand and yet the taxpayers are not happy.

Six weeks ago, while planting potatoes, Mr. E. G. Boyd of Portsmouth lost his watch in the field. This week while his man was hoeing in the field, he found the watch in excellent condition.

MIDDLETOWN

Machine Overturns

A Ford delivery automobile turned over about 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning on the East Main Road near Vanhook's Nursery. The machine struck a large rock at the side of the road and turned turtle, smashing the car badly. The driver and a boy who was with him were thrown out, but were not seriously hurt. The driver was proceeding along the right side of the road, when it turned to the right to pass a car and at that time a blow-out in the right front wheel occurred, which pulled the machine to the right, causing the accident. The housing of the rear end of the Ford was ripped away, both back wheels were completely smashed, the front axle and both springs bent and broken, mud guard bent, window smashed and wheels thrown out of alignment. The machine, which was used to cart bread from Fall River to Newport, was insured for nearly everything except this particular accident.

An all day meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in the church parlors on Tuesday. Each member took a basket lunch for herself and a guest. Garments for the Near East Relief were made. In the afternoon Mrs. John Nicholson was in charge of a program. Each member was requested to tell a story or some personal experience, after which several Victrola selections were given.

The regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange was held at the town hall on Thursday evening. A special committee had arranged a musical program for the lecturer's hour, the committee being Miss Maizie Paquin, Miss Julia Paquin, Miss Emily Barker and Mr. Robert Chase. The worthy master, Russell M. Peckham, has called a special meeting of the Grange for Monday night to confer the first and second degree upon a class of 20 candidates.

A whist and May basket social was given at the Holy Cross Guild House on Monday evening by the Holy Cross Guild. The affair was very well attended but there were more men than women present. Mr. Kenneth Towle, who took a lady's part, was awarded the ladies' first prize, and Mrs. Perry of Portsmouth won the consolation prize. Sheriff James Anthony as usual took the men's first prize and Mr. Robert Howard the consolation. Mr. Clinton Copeland acted as auctioneer and sold the May baskets. Mr. Percy T. Bailey was the highest bidder, paying \$2.60 for the basket. Dancing was enjoyed to music by Mrs. Gilbert Elliott as pianist. The social was in charge of Mrs. Clinton Copeland and Mrs. George W. Thurston, and the proceeds will be used for the parish house enlargement fund.

Mrs. John McCartney has returned to her home at Slate Hill Crest after visiting relatives and friends in Norton, Mass.

The Middletown fire committee visited the fire stations in Newport Monday evening to try to ascertain the correct machine for their needs. It was decided that an apparatus be purchased which has two chemical tanks.

The entertainment committee of the Berkeley Parent-Teachers' Association met on Monday afternoon at the Berkeley School. Plans were made for a Victrola concert followed by dancing, to be held at the School early in June.

The semi-monthly smoker of the Men's Club of St. Mary's Church was held at the rectory Wednesday evening. Whist and other games were enjoyed.

Mr. Fred P. Webber gave a reading on Tuesday evening at an entertainment at the Union Methodist Episcopal Church of Fall River.

At the New Bedford Kennel Club dog show Mr. Philip S. Wilbur won two second prizes in the novice and limit classes, for French bull females and a third prize for Boston terrier puppies, under three months old, in a class of nine.

Mrs. Henry DeBlis is to have a new house built on West Main Road just north of the residence of Dr. William R. Howard. Work has been begun there.

Miss Anne Almy of New York is spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Almy.

Graduation exercises were held on Sunday at the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, with an appropriate program. Those who graduated were Herbert Peabody, Lionel Peabody, Herbert Brown, Resford Barker, Vera Grinnell, Ruth Webber, Gertrude Sherman, Helen Peckham, Elizabeth Whitman, Evelyn Barker, Esther Muirhead, Abby Nicholson.

Mr. Joseph R. Coggeshall, who has been ill at the Newport Hospital for a number of months, is able to be around. He spent Sunday with his sisters, Mrs. James Anthony and Mrs. Edward Almy.

Mrs. Edgar Lewis gave a party recently in honor of the seventh birthday of her son Richard, and also the seventh birthday of his cousin, Donald Chase, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Chase. The guests were a number of little boys, who played games on the lawn, after which supper was served. Each child received as favors an orange, a banana and a rubber ball. Both children received many pretty gifts.

The monthly social of the Epworth League was held on Friday evening in the church parlors of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The affair was in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Webber and Mrs. A. S. Muirhead. Refreshments were served.

Miss Florence Barker, who has been seriously ill for the past month, is so far recovered as to be able to be out.

MEMORIAL DAY

Next Tuesday, May 30, is Memorial Day, and is a legal holiday in every Northern state and in all the Southern states with the exception of Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Texas. The day was first observed to any considerable extent in 1868. It was then generally called Decoration Day. It was popularly known by that title until 1882. At the meeting of the National Encampment in Baltimore that year the following was adopted: That the Commander-in-Chief be requested to issue a general order calling the attention of the officers and members of the Grand Army of the Republic and to the people at large, to the fact the proper designation of May 30 is Memorial Day, and to request that it may be always so called.

The formal establishment of the day was by Commander-in-Chief General John A. Logan, one of the great generals of the Civil War in the following beautiful address:

"The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet churchyard in the land."

"We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines, who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rashly on such hallowed ground. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

"If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain."

"Let us, then, at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in its solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon our nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan."

"It is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. Department commanders will use every effort to make this order effective."

THE UNION

A Memorial Day Poem by the late A. C. Howard, of the 11th R. I. Volunteers.

America, fair freedom's land,
From Northern mountain to Southern strand;
United together, a mighty host
From Atlantic shore to Pacific coast.
Hurrah for the Union, ever to be,
United and happy land of the free.

The Union forever our motto shall be,
The Union forever, land of the free;
Freedom and Union ring out the sound,
Till the wide earth it echoes around.
Hurrah for the Union, ever to be,
United and happy land of the free.

On every sea is our flag unfurled,
The stars and stripes encircle the world,
Thanks be to God for our beautiful land,
For people united in heart and hand.
Hurrah for the Union, ever to be,
United and happy land of the free.

America, thy glory we sing,
O'er all the earth let the anthem ring;
United in bonds, time cannot sever,
Liberty and Union, now and forever.
Hurrah for the Union, ever to be,
United and happy land of the free.

Lady Astor has gone and left us.
She sailed Tuesday on the Aquitania.
"Lady Astor's husband" went with her.
The husband does not seem to have cut much ice since he has been here, but the lady herself has met with a warm reception everywhere.

What Price Ink?
Circus Manager—'I've found a way to save money. Everybody rides over the railroad except the tattooed man. We send him by second class mail. "How do you make it?" "He's printed matter and goes any distance for 2 cents an ounce."—American Legion Weekly.

Hurry!
"I know the people are behind me!" cried the parlor Bolshevik. "And if you don't move quick they'll catch up to you," responded a menacing voice from the audience.

Definition of a Gentleman.
A gentleman has care without familiarity, is respectful without meanness, gentle without affectation, insinuating without seeming art.—Chesterfield.

Same Beginning.
Bookkeeper (to office boy)—Don't be discouraged because the manager called you a boob. I'm head bookkeeper now, but I started in as a boob, too.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, So. Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I.

March 10th, A. D. 1922.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 14131 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the fifteenth day of February, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court, May 15th, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1922, in favor of Sixton Robinson, plaintiff, and against Ernest J. Politt, alias John Doe, of Newport, in said County, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Ernest J. Politt, had on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1921, at 35 minutes past 7 o'clock p. m. in the parcel of attachment on file in the original writ in favor of said plaintiff, to wit: a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

1st Parcel. Southerly on Tew's Court thirty-five (35) feet, Easterly on land of defendant sixty-six (66) feet, Westerly on land now or formerly of John N. A. Griswold thirty-five (35) feet, and Northerly on land now or formerly of John N. A. Griswold, deceased, sixty-six (66) feet and nine (9) in. Being the same premises conveyed to said defendant by Elizabeth Steadman Ward by deed dated August 3, 1917, and recorded in the Land Evidence of the City of Newport in Volume 104 at Page 28.

2nd Parcel. Easterly on Tew's Court twenty-five (25) feet, Southerly on land formerly of James Clark, deceased, sixty-six (66) feet, Westerly on land now or formerly of John N. A. Griswold twenty-five (25) feet, and Northerly on land now or formerly of the heirs of Joseph Smith about sixty-six (66) feet, being the same premises conveyed to said defendant by Daniel Murphy, Jr., by deed dated March 26, 1920, and recorded in the Land Evidence of the City of Newport in Volume 75 at Page 51.

"Be all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described."

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 1st day of June, A. D. 1922, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

5-20-1w

RHODE ISLAND CLAMBAKE

Where the storm from the depths of the sea
Brings to light the brown seaweed,
And strews
On the shore a fall measure, and free
To the tiller of soil who may use,

There is kindled some sticks for a fire
That must burn hot and bright while
It sends
To the heavens its smoke, and the drier
Are the sticks the more quickly it ends.

On the fire while it burns red and bright,
Stones are placed big and round of a size
That require some exertion of might,
Till sufficiently heated to prize.

For the work they must do when in turn
They are covered with seaweed, to steam
Well the clams that are poured from an urn,
Or a bushel, all one in a dream.

That the gods may have something besides,
With the clams there are steamed other things,
Which are brought from the sea by the tides,
And plenty which from the earth springs.

Smothered in with the clams, all alive,
Are the lobsters and crabs, there confined
Till the mass seems to be a great hive,
Aromatic, and brown, of a kind

In which brewed by the fire and the steam
Honey-sweet from the sea and the land;
Sweet potatoes, green corn, in the scheme,
Adding much that gives cause to expand.

Fresh laid eggs in a cushion of brown
Are included until white and gold
Are as hard as a gem in a crown,
Yet will soften a temper most bold.

And to round out the feast in a way
That will please a beholder of taste,
There are sausages, each in a lay,
By itself, wrapped in paper most chaste.

With the tables prepared in the shade,
And the butter all hot from the pan,
When the bake that is steamed is all made,
Then Rhode Island is there to a man,

Or at least just as many as may
Be invited to come and partake
Of a feast for the gods, on the Bay
Where they steam all the clams that they bake.

M. F. Shea.

Ten Thousand Theories.
Ten thousand beautiful theories for bettering one's fellow beings lie in wreckage along the shores of time. The fellow beings objected.

Hokum.
Civilization is largely the escape of the race from a belief in hokum. How much hokum do you believe in? Always some.

Prosperity Tales.
What big stories of prosperity you hear from other towns! The farther away an old well is located the bigger the flow.—Atchison Globe.

In Another Sense.
She—"Before we were married you said you couldn't do enough for me." He—"Well, I guess time has proved that I was right."

Egotism.
Always reflect that, of course, some of the services performed for you are not so well done as you could do them.

Before War Profiteering.
Most of those who roll in wealth began by selling up their shirt-tails.—Boston Transcript.

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?

USE THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS IN THE

NEWPORT DAILY NEWS

EVERY DAY One Hundred People are Doing This and they GET RESULTS

CIRCULATION
OVER
6400
DAILY

TELEPHONE 17, OR MAIL YOUR
WANTS—BILL WILL BE SENT
PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR
FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR
REPEATS

For Sale
To Let
Help Wanted
Situations
General
Lost and Found

New York
Via Fall River Line

Large, Comfortable Staterooms

Fare \$4.44

Daylight Saving Time

Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:45 P.M.

Duc New York 7:00 A.M.

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE
RAILWAY COMPANYCars Leave Washington Square
for Providence

Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and

each hour to 4:50

Sundays—8:50 and each

hour to 7:30

Probate Court of the Town of New

Shoreham, May 1st, 1922.

PETITION OF William E. Conley and

wife for adoption of

Edna Susan Preston

and for change of name.

To the Honorable Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Respectfully represents William E. Conley of New Shoreham in the State of Rhode Island, and Grace Conley, his wife, that they are desirous of adopting Edna Susan Preston, a female child of said James E. Preston and wife Susan; which said child was born on the 17th day of August, A. D. 1919. That the mother of said child is now deceased and that they are the grandparents and present supporters of said child.

Wherefore they pray for leave to adopt said child and that her name may be changed to that of Edna Susan Conley. Dated this third day of July, A. D. 1922.

Wm. E. CONLEY
GRACE CONLEY
Is this day presented to this court and the same is received and referred to the 3d day of July, A. D. 1922, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that a copy of said petition with a copy of this order therein, be published once a week, for three successive weeks, in the Newport Mercury, the last publication to be at least four weeks before the said 3d day of July, 1922, and that citation be served according to law upon said Edna Susan Conley.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., May 10, 1922.

Estate of Sarah Abigail Lathan

REQUEST in writing is made by Walter R. Sprague, son of Sarah Abigail Lathan, late said Sarah Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that Edward P. Champlin, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 5th day of June, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court

Newport, So.

Newport, May 20, A. D. 1922.

WHEREAS, Mary E. Butterworth of the City of Newport, in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Mary E. Butterworth and James W. Butterworth, now in parts to the said Mary E. Butterworth unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered;

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said James W. Butterworth of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be held at the Court House in Newport, on the fourth Wednesday of June, A. D. 1922, then and there to respond to said notice.

STUDNEY D. HARVEY,
Clerk.

5-20-6w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, May 1st, 1922.

Estate of Benjamin T. Coe

R. ADELBERT NEGUS, administrator with will annexed of the estate of Benjamin T. Coe,

late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance and the same is received and referred to the 5th day of June, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.

5-13

No Sextant Required.

"A farmer does not need to study navigation to get the bearings of his fruit trees," remarks a funny paper. No, and his neighbors' boys don't, either.

Honors Even.

Hub—"You spend too much money for false hair. Look at your puff." Wife—"And you spend too much for cigars. Look at your own puff."

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